IronWatch

NOVEMBER 2015 | ISSUE 39

CONTRIBUTORS

Aaron Leahy — “Sardonic Wolf”
Aaron Magno — “sewersaint”
Adam Morrow
Alex Visentin — “reVenAnt”
Alistair Moore — “platemail”
Andrew Evans
Andre Kritzinger—”Stratego”
Andy Beckett — “Needles”
“Arcaneshield”
Austin Peasley — “darkPrince010”
“Azazelx”
Bil — “Orcsbain”
Blake Earle
Boris Samec — “Thane Bobo”
C.A. Monteath-Carr — “Owesome”
Cedric Boudoya — “Boston Miniatures”
Chris Cousen — “Mister C”
Chris Davis
Chris Livingstone — “stlwarrior”
Chris Schlumpberger — “Darkover”
Christopher Verspeak
Claudia Zuminich
“C M Minis”
“Cornonthecob”
Craig Johnson — “Spooney85”
Daniel — “Darklord”
Daniel King
Dave Johns
David Reid
Davyd P. Nash
Douglas Thoin
Doug Newton-Walters — “Hellebore”
“Dusty”
E. McIlraith — “Crow”
Frederic Ramirez
Gareth Humphreys
Gary Bomhoff
Geoff Burbidge
George Adsett-Knutsen
Gerry Lee
Grant Mahoney
Giuseppe Aquino — “Walac”
Guido Quaranta
Guy Sodin
Ian Powell
“imm0rtal reaper”
Jack Evans — “ManticfanboyLAD”
James Hewitt
Jamie O’Toole
Jason Flint — “Weedy Elf”
Jason Moorman
Jim Kew
Joe Ketterer
John Cousen—”Mister C.”
John Hoyland — “katzbalger”
Jonathan Faulkes
Jonathan Hicks — “jontheman”
Jonathan Peace
Jon Peletis
Jose Manuel Chasco Gonzalez
Josselin Amoravain — “Joss”
Juanje
Kara Brown
Keith Mullumby
Kenny Moncrieff
“left64”
Leon Lynn
“Maccwar”
Malcolm Blackwell
Marcel Popik — “marseall”
Marek Vlha—”Paboook”
Mark Peasley
Mark Relf
Mark Smith — “scarletsquig”
Mark Zielinski
Mart Hooiveld — “MArtyDagger”
Martin Geibner — “Summoning”
Matt — “Dustcrusher”
Matt Gilbert — “mattjgilbert”
Matthäus Mieczkowski —“Max Jet”
Matt Adlard
Matthew Beer
Matt I. — “JoV”
Maxwell McDougall — “Lord Marcus”
Mel Bose—”The Terrain Tutor”
Michael Carter — “puggimer”
Michael DeFranco —“MDSW”
Mike Carter
Mike Tittensor
“Nathan”
Neil Dixon
Neil Jones
Nick Williams — “Daedle”
Nicodemus Sandberg —”Karadram”
“OnePageAnon”
“Panda”
Patrick Lefevre—
”Patrick the Betrayer”
Paul Mitchell
Paul Mullis — “Osbad”
Paul Scott
Pete Harrison
Pete Kijek — “Pathfinder Pete McF”
Peter Bogdasarian
Peter—”Tek Thornisson”
Raffaele Passarelli
Raymond Mercer
Richard August
Richard Rimington—”Rimmo”
Rob Allen — “Briohmar”
Rob Burnam
Robert Dunham
Rob Taylor
“Rogue General Hunter”
Ryan Shaw — “The Dire Troll”
Sharad Vora
Shane Baker — “Shaneimus”
“Skolo”
“Sneaky Chris”
Steicy Jourdan
Stuart Smith — “Merlin”
“Sukura636”
Taylor Holloway
Tristan Coulson — “TSNC”
Vane Dolenc
Vincent Pascaud
Wes Shipley

ABYSSAL TIDINGS

A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR

Holy cow, what a month! We got a ton of amazing submissions from you guys this issue, but we can always use more! Send us your pictures, your tournament recaps, and your Warpath and Deadzone articles so we can feature them here.

The first wave of Dungeon Saga is on boats and heading out to subscribers, so let us know about your gripping tales, your epic adventures. If you are interested, we can even start posting challenge Dungeons for you to fight against, or perhaps an array of AI -controlled custom heroes for you to try and best while acting as the foul necromancer!

Don't forget too that as we approach the holiday season, Mantic is likely going to be offering their Crazy Boxes. Speaking personally, I can't recommend these highly enough, especially if you're just starting to build your Mantic collection. They're a bargain, give you a great variety of Mantic figures, and with the Kickstarters that are being fulfilled, there will likely be a lot of cool options you might uncover!

Thanks again for reading, and whether you're a brand-new Kingdoms of Men Militiaman or a long-suffering Abyssal Trapped Soul, thanks for reading and Welcome to the Watch!

-Austin

Cover art by Boris Samec
Title art by Mark Peasley

Contact us and submit articles at:
ironwatchmagazine@gmail.com

Please note that, while we here at **Ironwatch** *attempt to deliver you the best products and ideas we can, we cannot guarantee the balance of any scenarios or special rules presented herein. If you find any errors, grammar mistakes, or rule imbalances, please contact us on the Mantic Forums (Look for the discussion labeled "Ironwatch Issue X Feedback") and let us know what we could do to improve your fan-produced magazine. If you are interested in writing, illustrating, or editing for our magazine, please let us know on the feedback discussion as well so you can get in on the action!*

All models used in this publication are from the respective author's own personal collections, and any models displayed herein are not intended to challenge the status of the copyrights of their respective owners. All rights are reserved to their respective owners.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

IRONWATCH

Iron Forge 5
See the amazing array of top tier paintjobs from our team of professional-quality painters.

The Mantic Calendar 12
Learn what Mantic related events and tournaments are upcoming in your area.

Advertisements 61
Our section where you can advertise your local Mantic game group or store for free!

KINGS OF WAR

Redstone Rumble 2015, by David Reid 15
David recaps the events of the epic clash of Kings of War generals in Huntsville, Alabama, USA at the largest Clash of Kings in the US yet!

Reclamation Song, Part 1, by Michael Grey 19
The songs of the dwarves echo throughout their reclaimed valley as they guard their restored mountain homes and prepare for the coming war.

Advanced Terrain & Buildings Rules, by Frederic Ramirez..... 32
Frederic offers some fun rules to add detail to your Kings of War games.

Creating Undead Diorama Units, by George Adsett-Knutsen 41
Learn how to make an awesome graveyard-themed Zombie horde .

Building the Prospector's Hut, by Peter—"Tek Thornisson" 45
This time the dwarves have a humble cottage you can learn to build with step-by-step pictures in this guide.

WARPATH

Enforcers, Part 1: Gut Feelings, by Douglas Thoin 76
"Thumper" and her Enforcer squad prepare to drop into the midst of a hostile Deadzone

Orc Krudger on Gore by Darren Lysenko

THE IRON FORGE

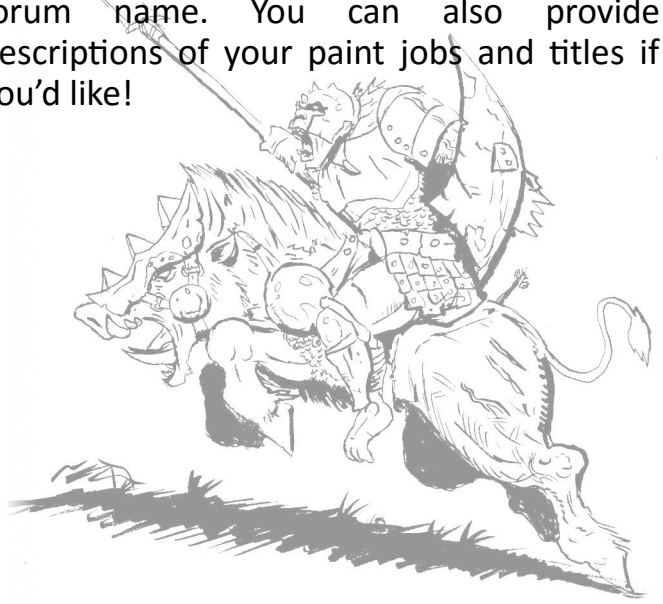
Welcome back to the Iron Forge.

On display this month for you we have:

- Marcel Popik and his excellent Deadzone Sorak and Helfather.
- Matt Gilbert, and an impressive diorama base of Elven Spearmen

Keep tuned in next month for more fantastic models, and if you have some painted Mantic minis you'd like featured to possibly become an Iron Forge artist, please email high resolution photos of your miniatures to ironwatchmagazine@gmail.com.

Please include your name and/or Mantic forum name. You can also provide descriptions of your paint jobs and titles if you'd like!



MARCEL POPIK

MARCEL POPIK

MARCEL POPIK

MATT GILBERT

I've recently begun to revisit an old project. A few years ago, the Pathfinders built armies for the very first Kings of War "Clash of Kings" event in the UK. We had a monthly budget and had to blog regularly about what we were up to and the progress of the building and painting. For various reasons I chose to create an elf army and decided on a woodland theme. The color palette is therefore very "earthy" with greens and browns (army painter leather brown base) and the unit bases themselves add color by having autumnal leaf scatter in wind-gathered piles.

You can see a few of the units from the original army I assembled in the new Kings of War rule book. However, the army itself, on the table, wasn't particularly good. I'd put it together for looks rather than with anything competitive in mind. So now after a long hiatus, I've decided to go back and fill in some of the obvious gaps in the units available and flesh out the army to something I can construct a viable fighting force from. I also have to do a little rebasing due to some changes in the rules but I think that is easy enough.

MATT GILBERT

I've planned out what I want to add and have started buying the models. My first new unit is one I started all that time ago but never completed – a regiment of elf spears. The base was already done and had been gathering dust, as were 5 half-painted elf models. I've dusted them off, painted them up and added a few more. It's over the minimum model count for official tournaments but the wall takes up a lot of space so there really wasn't room for more. I did sneak a dead elf on in one corner (with a friend valiantly protecting the body on the wrong side of the wall) to bulk up the appearance of the model count.

For those that are interested, I painted the models first and then cut off the integral round bases from their feet before super-gluing the models to the base. Once all the models were in place I sprayed matt varnish of the whole piece and finally added the leaf scatter and grass clumps.

MATT GILBERT

Deadzone Plague Strike Force By Toulouse Miniatures

MANTIC CALENDAR

If you have Mantic-related events or tournaments you'd like to add, please PM Matt Gilbert or Austin Peasley on the forums or **email us** with your event's date, time, location, cost, a brief description, and a URL for more information.

Please note that this list is not exhaustive and indicates where Mantic games are being enjoyed, and not necessarily where Mantic will be making an official appearance (Save for the Mantic HQ, of course!).

November

11/7 **US Clash of Kings Regional**
8:00 AM—6:00 PM
Draxtar Games, 1375 Wind Energy Pass, Batavia, IL 60510, United States
Tournament rules pack added. 2000 points. Full prize support from Mantic and a special prize sponsored by Draxtar games.

December

12/5 [Grail Quest VII Kings of War Grand Tournament]

From 12:00 Am on 12/5/15 to 12:00 AM on 12/7/15

The Kings of War GT will consist of five 2000-point 2nd Edition games over two days.

Atomic Empire, 3400 Westgate Dr. #14B, Durham, NC 27707, USA

12/5 [(Toledo) Torneo pathfinder Kings of War Runesword]

From 12:00 Am on 12/5/15 to 12:00 AM on 12/6/15

Registration opens November 5th.

Calle San Camarin de San Cipriano 3 (Toledo)

12/19 [Alcarriagames (Guadalajara - Spain)]

8:00 AM—8:00 PM

This games Event in Guadalajara (Spain) will feature Kings of War Demos as well as Dungeon Saga Demos

Palacio Multiusos Guadalajara, Avenida el Vado, s/n, 19070 Guadalajara, Guadalajara, España

12/19 [Club Day in 7th Degree]

8:00 AM—8:00 PM

This event will focus on demoes for learning about Kings of War

Club 7º Grado, Leganés - Madrid, Spain

By Boris Samec

Elohi by "C. M. Minis"

2016—January

1/30 [Shiloh Slaughter Grand Tournament]
From 12:00 Am on 1/30/16 to 12:00 AM on 1/31/16
Registration is $60
Chancellor Hotel, 70 NE Ave , Fayetteville, AR 72701, USA

The Calm before the storm

REDSTONE RUMBLE 2015

By David Reid

Now that the dust has settled a bit I can take some time to give a quick rundown on the 2015 Redstone Rumble Clash of Kings event held in Huntsville, Alabama. The Clash of Kings event was a part of our larger annual event taking up about half of the ballroom.

The remaining of the main ball room (and side rooms) being taken up either by 40k, Infinity, or Bolt Action events. As of the writing of this article, it would appear that we hit the largest US Clash of Kings participation to date! We are really excited that we were able to hit this high water mark right out of the gate as this was the first year we ran Kings of War.

Thanks to some help from Frontline gaming all of our tables were covered by their FAT Mats. If you haven't gotten a chance to use them I would strongly suggest it. They really are a nice way to kick up the game to the next level.

As for terrain I went with 7 pieces per table with the players alternating deployment of the terrain. I've tried doing preset terrain in the past and the players end up just moving the terrain anyway. So instead of fighting it I embraced the chaos! The plan was for every table to have a couple impassible pieces, a couple difficult terrains, then a couple odds and ends thrown in.

Close up showing a Varangur vs Elves match up

Saturday gaming in full swing

Player	Rumble Total	Army
Ben Mitchell	176	Elves
Ira Knight	158	Abyssal Dwarfs
Robert Phanuef	135	Undead
Tyler Brown	135	Brotherhood
Bryan Tucker	127	Varangur
Robert Brandon	124	Elves
Eric Shickel	122	Undead
Gavin Gossett	117	Ogres
Jonathan Roop	116	Ratkin
Jeremy Gossett	111	Elves
Jeff Carlisle	110	Undead
Joe Smith	108	Orcs
Matt Mobley	99	Abyssals
Nick Gunther	98	Ogres
Jeff Lamb	93	Varangur
Joe East	87	Ogres
Joe Destafino	77	Abyssal Dwarfs
David Mobley	73	Herd
Thomas Greenaway	73	Varangur
Earl Mayton	54	Brotherhood
Sean Vess / Ringer	53	Twilight Kin

Ogre Captain by Taylor Holloway

The event was 2k, 6 rounds, 2.2 Beta lists allowed, out of the box rules. For the Rumble I normally change things up a bit, but with the ruleset being so new it seemed unwise to tinker with anything that much. So we played out of the box missions, but I did add a bonus objective to each mission worth between 150-300 victory points if it was accomplished. Nothing added was too crazy, but enough to keep things interesting for the players who may have already played all the missions once or twice.

Our final rankings are above, which included a decent bit of an army spread. Historically we have a much larger breakout of armies, but we had a large number of ex-GW players who were using their old armies while they painted up their news ones. The event was very successful as there were a large number of ex-fantasy players stopping in to check out the new game. I fully anticipate we'll double our attendance next year if not more. It was nice to have more questions about my packet than the rules of the game; As a Tournament Organizer (TO), that is amazing.

We did take some feedback from the players on set up/organization for next year. One thing we will most likely do is go to 4 games on Saturday, then 2 on Sunday. We have multiple players that traveled 5+ hours and anything we can do to get them back home in a timely manner is preferred. People were

fairly

surprised we finished as early as we did Saturday. We'll also most likely end up adding in more vendors as well; this year we had two (one who carried Mantic products) they will be expanding their Mantic line for next year's event.

All in all we had a great time and a big shout out for Mantic is required. Not only did they create a great product with Kings of War, they actively supported our event! I know I look forward to both playing and TO'ing their games in the future. Kings of War went so smooth that I bought into the Warpath Kickstarter (hoping lighting strikes twice) as we had a large number of that other game sci-fi round basers looking into KoW as we were having such a great time.▪

Kingdoms of Men Penitent Mob by Andre Kritzinger

RECLAMATION SONG
PART 1

By Michael Grey

From Halpi's southern shores and the twin seas deep
To the north most mountains' snow top'd peaks
We go

When Winter's grip long releases land
Ours by lore and blood and hand
We go

'Reclamation Song' - Traditional dirge of the Free Clans

The green of the pastures was alive, almost livid in its brilliance, and only lightly edged with the russet of late summer. They rolled out to the north in swells of hillocks cut with ambling streams, dividing up the long haired cattle grazing across the closer meadows.

Jorrin had quickly lost himself in the sight. A vista he grew up believing he would never witness; lands lost to dwarfs fallen to the Abyss. He'd been taught that these mountains were gone, and he may as well wish to walk on one of the moons than the glens of northern Halpi. But yet here he was.

"Where are the trees?"

The words jarred him back to the present. One of the other dwarfs had asked the

Dwarven Shieldbreaker by "Dusty"

question, one of the other new settlers.

They were in a gallery on Dar Gaer's north face, looking down over the freshly reclaimed land. It was a tour of the hold, an aid to help the arrivals acclimatise to their new home. So far Jorrin had been impressed. From the skjalds recruiting settlers in the south and the caravans bringing fresh dwarfs over the passes, to the dormitories prepared for their arrival; everything about Dar Gaer had been organised in the kind of efficient detail usually associated with military campaigns. Only they were not here to destroy; they were here to build.

Word was Herse Baddon had plans to make Dar Gaer richer than Cwl Gen, more populous than Llynfanifeg. Jorrin's arrival was quickly making that second aim a reality, him and the forty other dwarfs in the gallery. And the tour was to help them get to work realising the first.

"We keep 'em cut, lad. There's no less than five volcanos along this range, and the land is too good to waste on timber," said their guide, an old warrior with a wooden leg carved in the shape of a rifle. He'd said he was there when Herse Baddon took Dar Gaer back from the fallen. A lot of the guides were. A reward for their heroism were safe, easy jobs away from the thunderous ironwatch gun line. With the merest hint of a prompt he would break into a tale of how one hall was taken from the fallen, or how he saw the Herse personally kill an Ironcaster in another.

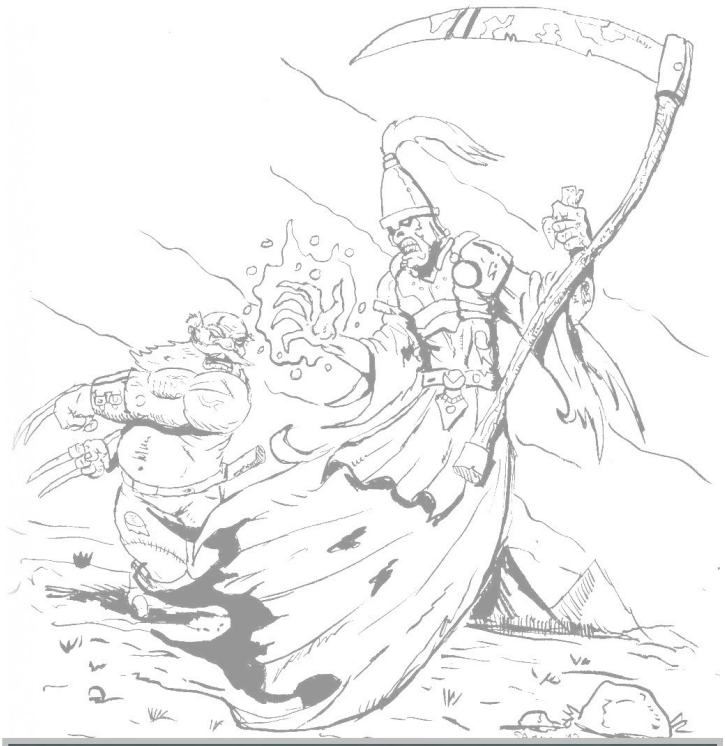
It made the tour unexpectedly informative.

"Herse Baddon is not just quick with a blade," the guide went on. "He knows the hold'll get better returns on milk and meat than timber traded with the southern clans. Don't you worry, the Herse's got plans for Dar Gaer's future."

"Is that what these are for?" said Jorrin.

Everyone else followed his gaze. Behind them a line of cannon rested on a raised stone shelf. There were literally too many for him to count as the line followed the mountain's arc around and beyond site. The line faced out through holes carved through the bedrock, one for each cannon, overlooking the green valleys.

The guide snorted a phlegmy laugh. "Won't be needing them, don't go worrying yoursen. We carted a lot of them over the mountains with us. A damn lot of them, enough to crack a mountain, just in case that's what we needed to do. But the Herse got us in another way. Good thing he did, too, I wouldn't have liked to patch up the kind of holes they would have put in the



Kingdoms of Men General by "Daedle"

walls, not when we were planning on staying."

"But why are they all here?" said Jorrin. He couldn't take his eyes from them. He'd never seen so much firepower in one place. It was awesome in the most literal sense. It felt like the ordnance was waiting.

"Gotta keep 'em somewhere, lad, and here is as good a place as any. We didn't build this gallery, it was already here, carved when the hold was made before Winter. Seemed like the best place to put them."

Jorrin looked back out over the fields to the north. As much as it seemed, those fields did not stretch on forever. Beyond his vision, hidden by the horizon and airborne snow teased from the mountain peaks, lay the lands of the fallen dwarfs. And he wondered if right then, another dwarf stood over a similar array of weaponry and looked south.

****

In vengeance for our fallen brethren
A song in our hearts, in our hands a weapon
We go

"Marn," said the first dwarf.

"Rhyn Dufaris," said the second. They clasped each other's hand, their other on the other dwarf's shoulder as they spoke their birth hold. There was no mentioned of clan; that had been forgotten. Now they were of Herse Baddon's clan, of the hold Dar Gaer, but a dwarf could not forget where they were from. It framed them as much as their profession. And it was right and proper

that when they met their new clan, their new family, they exchanged their birthplace along with their name.

The two dwarfs remained still for moment, then nodded and stepped apart.

Such little rituals were taking part across the vast dormitory. As new parties arrived from over the mountains, all coming to make a new life and extend the range of the free clans. Each dwarf came for their own reasons; the third son of a minor family with no inheritance, or evading a debt they could never hope to pay.

Or a shame, so base it could never be erased, only ran from.

"So why're you here?" said Gruf to Jorrin.

Gruf had the bunk above Jorrin's. She had arrived at the same time as him along with Medwyn and Cledwyn, the brothers with their oddly lilting accents from across the High Sea. As the youngest of the current arrivals they had fallen together.

Jorrin shrugged and looked everywhere but at Gruf or the brothers. Another two dwarfs gripped each other's shoulders in front of him and exchanged hold names. The air filled with the thick scent of pine resin from the newly carpentered bunks. The wood looked fresh and had to have been brought from the south. The beds alone would have cost a fortune.

"Jorrin?"

He'd been avoiding answering, but accepted he couldn't do that forever. "I needed a trade."

"No jobs where you're from?" Medwyn said. "Not for me."

"Why not?" said Cledwyn

"Foundling," he said. He didn't looked up to see to see the expression that would be on their faces.

"I'm sorry," said Gruf. Medwyn punched his brother on the shoulder for asking the question.

"It's not just that. Why I'm here. I mean," he waved a hand towards the north wall. "*This*. Who could have thought we would have the chance to ever see these passes, let alone live in them."

Dwarven Ironwatch and Cannon by Jonathan Faulkes

Dwarven Brock Riders by Jose Manuel Chasco Gonzalez

"I know what you mean," said Gruf, and the faraway note in her voice told of sincerity.

"So what is your trade?" said Cledwyn, rubbing his arm.

Jorrin picked up an axe. "This," he said. "Thirty years of service to Dar Gaer, and it's as if I was born like anyone else."

His reason for being there was not brought up again. As he'd intended. There were few taboos worse than being abandoned at birth, and no one would want to bring it up again, even here where all pasts were all forgiven.

Almost all.

****

Armoured mighty with weapons righteous
To reclaim our homes with anointed violence
We go

The birds this far north were fatter and more inclined to walk than those in the south. Just another of a myriad of details he had noticed since arriving. He watched one now as it waddled quickly, each footfall accompanied a soft hoot as it got out of the column's path and into the underbrush.

"There's bad eating on them," said Gruf, catching where he was looking but not his

Dwarven Shieldbreaker by Marcel Popik

thoughts.

"Quiet down the line!" shouted Thegn Uchdryd, Gruf had the good sense to shut up and keep marching. The Thegn wasn't a bad sort, but he would not brook disorder of any kind in his ranks. The new recruits learnt in their first day as Dar Gaer's new standing army.

They were marching through the high valleys north of the hold. The mighty peaks did not reach so high from this altitude and the air was noticeably thinner. Even so the pine forest persisted in the shaded basins between mounts, offering darkened thickets for anyone wishing to hide across the range.

The patrols were slowly stamping Herse Baddon's rule down on his new holdings, ranging further and further from Dar Gaer.
"Not a thing," said Gruf, quietly enough Thegn Uchdryd did not hear. "Not a flame-damned thing." Jorrin said nothing.

"Thegn Javag found a cave bear yesterday," said Bradwen beside them. "On the eastern passes."

"One bear to show for a month's patrolling," she replied. "Doesn't seem worth it."

Bradwen shrugged despite the massive hammer he rested on one shoulder. "Word is a giant had its lair across the plateaus hereabouts when the Herse took the hold. Could still be abroad." He sniffed and drew one thick wrist across his nose.

"After the battle to take the hold it would have pissed off down the valleys. Eh, Jorrin?"

Jorrin was aware they were speaking, but the words didn't register. He was looking up to the tantalisingly close peaks. In the thin atmosphere the sun picked out every detail, down to the individual snow drifts steadily piling in their depressions. Winter was coming. Winds that could freeze flesh from the bone and waves of snow deep enough to drown in would stop these patrols, and send anything in the valleys around Dar Gaer into hiding or hibernation. He might have to wait until next spring for death if something didn't come soon.

"Jorrin, are you-?" Gruf began

"Stop!" The shout came from Thegn Uchdryd, but despite Gruf's sudden silence it was not directed at her.

The Thegn's hand was in the air, halting the regiment behind him. His eyes were on the tree-packed slopes either side of them. Not large enough to hide more than a few dozen dwarfs, but dark enough they just might.
Bradwen unshouldered his hammer and weighed it in his hands, Gruf pulled the axe from her belt and every dwarf wordlessly

armed themselves.

Uchdryd remained with the hand up, head tilted back as if he sniffed the air. Jorrin realised that nothing had moved within the trees to give away what had alerted the Thegn. Not even a sound. Not even, he realised, the sound the fat hooting birds.

"Shield wall!"

The automatic reaction of endless drills moved the dwarfs into a solid block of bodies. Jorrin stepped forward, overlapped his shield edge with Gruf's to his right while his own was in turned overlapped from the left. He shook the shield hard, and when it would not move lowered himself to a half crouch and steeled his legs. He felt Bradwen's heavy breath on the back of his neck as the big dwarf took his position between him and Gruf, ready to swing his hammer over and down onto anyone foolish enough to rush a war band prepared for violence.

Bradwen's was the last movement as they stepped into position, and the clap of wood on iron died until the only sound was the whistling of wind over the peaks. Thegn Uchdryd still had not moved but his stare had settled on a patch of brush darker than the rest.

Jorrin's heart thumped against his chest. He was surprised at that. This was the closest he had come to combat since arriving at Dar Gaer and he had thought he had come to peace with his decision. But here he was; prepared to face combat with a dry throat and sweat gathering across his brow.

Uchdryd still did not move. Jorrin, realising he was holding his breath, released it.

"What is it?" whispered Gruf.

Thunder filled the valley and Jorrin shook at the sound.

"Just an avalanche." Bradwen laid a steadying hand on Jorrin's shoulder as the noise boomed over them as unseen among

Dwarven Lord and Goblin Mawbeast by Paul Mullis

the peaks snow thundered down a mountainside.

Jorrin shook his head, almost laughing at his nerves until the thicket Thegn Uchdryd focused on shifted. Undulations beneath the leaves gave away something alive and moving. The leaves grew, moved up from the ground, and broke apart to reveal a dwarf in a green cloak coated in leaves.

"You're learning," said the dwarf to Uchdryd.

"Master Ranger," said Uchdryd with a voice as cold as the mountain air. "I was not told you would be abroad today." The Thegn lowered his hand but with the tensions still knotting his muscles Jorrin could not bring himself to relax, and when the entire thicket seemed to come alive he felt justified. But the massed movement coalesced into individual bushes, and then dwarfs disguised in brush-covered cloaks. They came forward, armed with well-used blades and wicked-looking crossbows, and the look of dwarfs who knew exactly how lethal they were. They came forward in a loose formation, and Jorrin saw his own regiment was now covered from the front, left and right without them noticing.

The one Thegn Uchdryd referred to as master ranger rested his arms across the head of a long-handled axe. "Oh, I wasn't. I have been abroad for two weeks."

"You're returning?" said Uchdryd, his one question stood in for many.

The Ranger's answer was to look behind him down the valley. Dusk was gathering and in high-sided valley dark came quickly. "Aye. And none too soon."

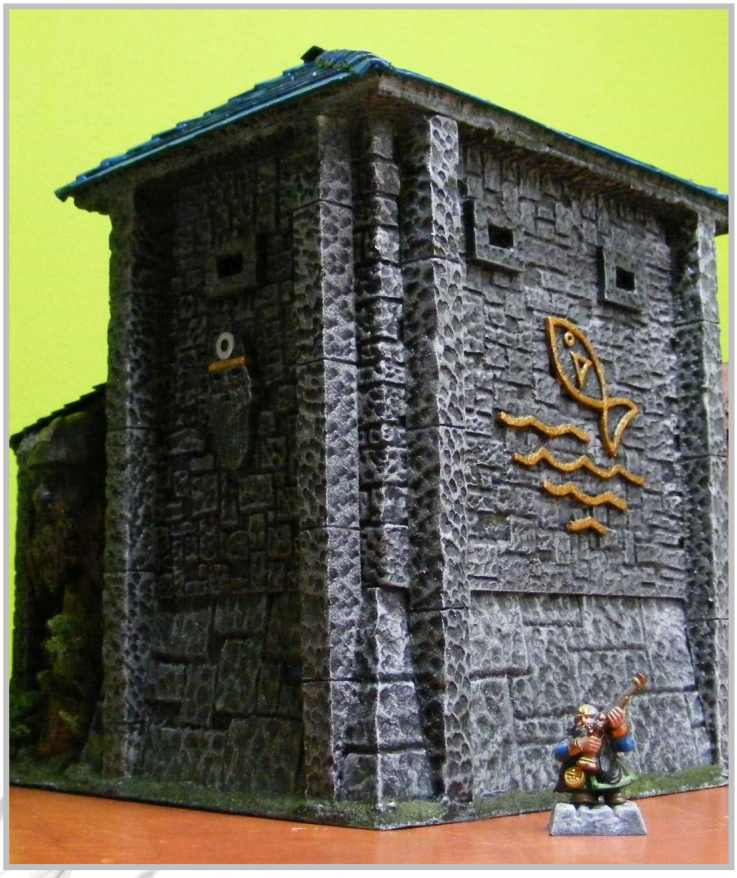
Uchdryd moved forward to join the Ranger looking down the swiftly darkening valley. When he spoke the words were intended for the Ranger alone, but a Thegn's voice is used to being heard over the clamour of war and carried easily on the fresh mountain air. "What news?"

"I shall report to the Herse, you will hear it then."

"Flame take it, I'm here now."

The Ranger thought for a moment and said in a quieter voice, "The fallen gather. They want Dar Gaer back."

Uchdryd accepted the answer with a fatalistic nod. "How long?"



Dwarven terrain by Peter "Tek Thornisson"

Kingdoms of Men Mortar by Andre Kritzinger

"They won't muster before the first snow falls, so if they behave like a proper army they will wait for the spring. But when have the fallen ever acted like a proper army?"

Jorrin felt something harden inside him. *This* was why he was here. Dar Gaer was to be his death, and he would prefer it to come sooner.

****

Fathers and mothers long since gone
Began our paths on days since dawned
We go

Mea'n Fo'mhar had always been, while not melancholy, tacitly dismal for Jorrin in a way that went beyond the celebration's mournful providence. The observance of autumn turning to winter was to honour the passing of those in the past year, and for those whose end may come in the impending winter. It was a vestige from the time when winter carried darker connotations, when a dwarf may not live to see the thaw.

While time had dulled the Fo'mhar's sombre edge and a certain note of revelry had crept into the gathering, the night's activity still revolved around the toasting of lost friends and the singing of their songs.

For this, the first Mea'n Fo'mhar since Dar Gaer's reclaiming back into the roll of the free clans' holds, Herse Baddon had laid down a fine feast. Of the dwarfs who filled Dar Gaer's feasting hall, over half were members of the Herse's army who fought in the hold's capture from the fallen. They had all lost friends and family, often in ways which left no body to honour, and that night

Kingdoms of Men army by "Daedle"

was their goodbye.

They had composed and practiced the songs of their lost over the past year, and now the hall filled with their lives put to lyrics. One dwarf would stand on their table, announce the name and father-hold of the deceased before beginning the liturgenous rhythm of their life. The assembled dwarfs would listen solemnly to begin with, cheering as the song moved through heroic deeds and sad losses, shouting to add details as the singer wound on. Until, as the stanzas reached their denouement and the cadence increased and was accompanied by the beating of fists and tankards on the pine tables, the dwarf's final battles and their death was retold, the wailing and cheers reached a point where nothing should be heard over them; all would go silent. And the last breath of the dwarf was sung, and the singer would lower their head. Prayers would be muttered beneath breaths, and finally an almighty cheer would erupt for an honourable death. Then the singer would step down from the table to applause and the clapping of hands on shoulders, and another would take their place.

Gruf, Medwyn and Cledwyn were enthusiastically thumping their tankards on the table in time with the death story someone they never knew. The singer had woven a recognisable chorus into the narrative of the dwarf's blithe attitude to mortal danger, and the listeners were joining in loudly and increasingly out of tune.

Jorrin didn't join in. He sat beside his friends, his own tankard stayed still in his hands, while he looked up toward the head table.

Herse Baddon sat there, in his place as Lord of the hold. In any event it would be hard for the eye not to be drawn to the Herse.

The flame red pigment dyed into his already angry russet hair had become almost permanent over decades, and he was almost as tall as a man. He wore his famous fur cloak, made from the hide of a cave bear the Herse had strangled with his bare hands. Usually such a tale would be an acceptable exaggeration, and it would be tacitly accepted that the axe wounds it took to fell animal would have been tailored out of the hide. But in Herse Baddon's case dozens of dwarfs in the hall at the moment had witnessed it, and would tell anyone who asked of how the Herse had battered down the bear with his fists before choking the beast with an arm lock.

Looking at the Herse's shoulders and arms Jorrin had no doubt at the stories' authenticity.

But that was not why Jorrin was looking at the table, it was who the Herse was speaking to.

Alongside the Lord of the hall and his Thegns was the dwarf Thegn Uchdryd had called master ranger.

Dwarven Shieldbreaker by "Dusty"

He and the Herse leant in together as they spoke, as did the older Thegns. The ranger had been speaking at length for some time, interrupted rarely by the Herse or a Thegn, and Jorrin wished he could hear what was said.

"That's Rhun," said Medwyn. He'd seen where Jorrin's attention was and tipped his tankard towards the table. "He's Baddon's lead ranger. Supposed to be leader of the army as much as the Herse is."

"Why haven't we seen him before?" said Jorrin without taking his eyes from the table. Whatever the ranger was saying it was for the Herse and Thegns as a whole, and it held their entire attention regardless of the heat, noise and movement filling the hall to uncomfortable levels.

"*We* have," said Cledwyn. "He came by the upper north battery a month ago. The battery up there is one of the original defences from when the hold was first built, it had mostly collapsed, was filled with rubble, snow and mountain goat shit. Thegn Hepti had most of the engineers, us included, in there clearing it out and shoring the roof ready to be re-used. We'd been there most of a week when Rhun marched in one day. He must have come right in from one his patrols, he still had snow on his shoulders and carried that axe of his, and for a while I thought he might use it on the Thegn."

"He'd arrived back and heard about Hepti's plan for the battery," Medwyn picked up. "He tore right through the Thegn. Called

him an idiot and a half-breed and demanded to know if the Thegn's mother had dropped him on his head at birth, and a few other things not nearly as polite. Seems our master ranger had taken full stock of the hold's defences after the Herse'd taken it and had said to leave that battery alone, said it'd been built to defend against a pass no longer there after a god had fallen into it or something, but Hepti had liked the look of it and though he might name it after himself. Rhun didn't like it. Seems like the no-nonsense sort, and he wanted us engineers put to better use elsewhere."

"Did the Thegn do what he said?" said Jorrin. Medwyn pointed. "You see old Hepti up there anywhere?"

Jorrin didn't. It seemed the Ranger had the authority the twins hinted at.

"Word is Hepti's been moved to overseeing the kitchens. Somewhere where if he decides to start naming stuff after himself it won't put the hold in danger," said Cledwyn. He pulled the leg from a cooked goose on the table and spoke around the meat as he ate. "But other than that we haven't seen him either. Spends most of his time ranging north down to River Trag and… further."

Into Tragar Jorrin silently filled in the words Medwyn was unwilling to say.

Abyssal Dwarf 'Dragon' Fire-Team by "puggimer"

It appeared the Master Ranger had stolen into the lands of the fallen dwarfs and their Abyssal fiends, and what news he had brought back to the hold was enough to distract the Herse and all his Thegns.

Jorrin wondered what it was like across the Trag River, in the lands slave to the sway of the Abyss. He could go, he knew. He could just leave the hold and walk north; keep walking until his legs gave way from thirst or hunger, or he was taken off them by some beast his education had not equipped him to accurately describe. Either way would mean death, and that was why he had come to Dar Gaer; the hold at the edge of the world.

Yes, it would be death, but he knew he did not have the courage to do that. For him would be the death in battle; more cowardly and loaded with honour he did not deserve. But that was all he could manage, and he hoped when Hwel judged him she would take his manner of death into account.

By Marcel Popik

To be continued…

If you liked that, check out information regarding Michael's new novel on page 84▪

ADVANCED TERRAIN & BUILDINGS RULES

By Frederic Ramirez

Arya prepared to retreat in the woods with the rest of her naïads squad. Usually her sisters and her would not have any problem moving swiftly between the branches, but with the forest on fire it was another matter.

Hopefully they would reach the lake on the other side before the orcs catch them and would be safe in its deep waters.

Kings of War has a simple but effective rule system for terrain that works well for most situations. However due to this simplicity, it is sometimes too limited for when you have a specific scenario in mind or have a beautifully converted piece of terrain where the vanilla rules just seems to be lacking.

This article presents a few optional rules that can be used as needed to give more impact to your terrain.

Note that these rules are not only optional, but they are also modular, meaning that you can chose to only use some of them or all,

By Andy Beckett

By "Daedle"

depending on your needs.

A) Terrain Keywords and Pathfinder

Have you ever found it strange that your fire elemental has no problem walking on water or that your naïads are perfectly fine on a burning lava flow? This variant might be for you.

This optional rule introduce a few keywords to personalize your terrain pieces.

Before the game you simply agree with your opponent on one keyword for each difficult terrain piece that will define its major feature.

The proposed keywords for this variants are :

- Vegetation (forest, bushes, crater , etc
- Rock (rocky hill, boulders, etc)
- Water (marshes, river, etc)
- Fire (lava flow, magical storm, etc)

Following the same idea, the pathfinder rule is modified so that it can specify a specific keyword, or list of keywords, so that it only apply for those keywords.

For example Pathfinder (vegetation) would allow the unit to ignore the difficult terrain from a forest, but not from a rocky hill.

A generic pathfinder without any keyword is still possible and will still ignore all difficult terrain regardless of its keyword.

The variant change the existing units with pathfinder in the following way :

- The army wide rules for the Forces of Nature and the Herd gives Pathfinder (vegetation) instead of a generic pathfinder (If you and your opponent agree, the Herd might get Pathfinder (rock) instead, if your army has a mountain theme to it)
- Units with a clearly marked elemental affinity get the corresponding pathfinder

in addition to the vegetation keyword if they already have it.

- All Salamanders units get Pathfinder (Fire). Note that salamanders units from the Salamander army get Pathfinder (fire) even if they didn't have Pathfinder before.
- All Naïads units get Pathfinder (Water)
- All fire elementals (including the ember sprites) get Pathfinder (Fire)
- All water elementals get Pathfinder (Water)
- All earth elementals get Pathfinder (Rock)
- All units from other armies that had Pathfinder with a "scout" theme (eg: Ogre hunters, Elven gladestalkers ...) get Pathfinder (vegetation, rock)
- All air elementals, as well as any unit with Pathfinder whose theme is that it can traverse terrain because it is ethereal or similar (like the Efreet) get the general Pathfinder rule
- The Forsaken beast from the Brotherhood army (and any other aquatic creature) get Pathfinder (water), even if it didn't have Pathfinder before
- Any unit equipped with the Potion of the Caterpillar still get the generic Pathfinder rule, as if it had all keywords.
- For other units, agree with your opponent to specific Pathfinder keyword

Ogre Captain by Grant Mahoney

Undead Revenant by Jim Kew

(s) are appropriate, itf any.

But doesn't this make Pathfinder a less useful rule ?

While technically true, the difference is less than it would appear at first glance, with a majority of terrain being the kind that use the vegetation or rock keywords, and those being the two most common keywords for the units too.

However for the two armies that got Pathfinder as a global rule, the Herd and the Forces of Nature, I propose the simple additional variant to compensate :

After having deployed the terrain, but before choosing your side, any Herd or Forces of Nature player can place one single terrain piece of his choice.

If both armies get this additional terrain piece, roll to see who will get to deploy it first.

There is also another way to give Pathfinder something in exchange, and this bring me to the next part about ...

B) Obstacles and buildings

In this section I will discuss variants for obstacles and simple rules for buildings.

Keywords

If you use the keywords variant above for Pathfinder, you might want to give a keyword to your obstacles too.

This bring less to the game so you might want to ignore this additional variant, but adding keywords to obstacles has two advantages :

1– It allows you to represent things like a magical wall of fire (so an obstacle with the "fire" keyword)

2– By allowing units with the specific Pathfinder keyword to ignore obstacles with this keyword, something that they don't get in the core rules, it give them an advantage in compensation for what they lost with the keyword variant

By Jonathan Faulkes

A Kings of War battle by "Maccwar"

Buildings

Buildings share with obstacles the following rules :

- Entering or leaving a building can not be done while moving at the double
- Charging an unit inside or from a building count as a hindered charge (treat as charging across an obstacle)
- A unit inside a building is always treated as being in cover
- You cannot leave a building the same turn that you entered it

In addition, the following rules apply :

- Only one unit can occupy a specific building piece. (but very large buildings can be defined as counting as several separate independent buildings if you want)
- Each building must have an agreed size, and when an unit is inside the building it is counted as having the same height as the building
- Optionally, you can agree that cavalry, large cavalry and monsters treat any building as impassable terrain. They can still charge an occupied building, they just won't be able to move inside when it's empty
- If you rout in melee an unit that was inside a building, you can move inside the building instead of the other options as a result of the fight.

Note that the following rules apply to building too as normal :

- Buildings are treated like a special form of obstacle so the Strider rule still ignores the hindered charge. In this case, think of the attacker as being so big or massive

A game of Kings of War at Adepticon 2015, courtesy of Mantic Games

that it can break walls or otherwise do damage similar to a siege weapon or ram so that walls don't present any viable protection.

- Indirect weapons, breath attacks and attack spells still get to ignore the cover modifier; Think of it as a catapult or mortar making the roof fall on the occupiers, breath attacks setting the building on fire or filling it with lethal gas, and other similar situations where even a fortified position would not provide any lasting defense.

C) Multiple keywords

Sometimes you have a terrain piece that seems to overlap with several keywords. For example you might have a rocky terrain with a beautifully painted lava flow, or a rocky forested hill.

This variant simply expand the keyword system by allowing each terrain piece to have any number of keyword and not only one. (but usually you should rarely need more that 2 keywords for any individual terrain piece)

Here are a few examples :

- Rocky lava river => Fire, rock
- Rocky forested hill => Rock, vegetation
- Forest on fire => Vegetation, fire
- Mangrove or some other forested swamp => Water, vegetation

To ignore difficult terrain for a piece with multiple keywords, you simply need to have

all the keywords under your Pathfinder rule (or have the generic Pathfinder rule), else your Pathfinder will not apply at all.

D) Fortified buildings

In a similar way, you might feel that the proposed building rules fail to represent the difference between a simple wooden hut and a fortified position.

For such situation I propose the "Fortified" keyword that add the additional rules to the building :

- Strider doesn't works when charging an unit inside a building with the Fortified keyword
- The cover modifier from a Fortified building cannot be ignored in any way (so spells, breath weapons and indirect war engines would get the modifier)

E) Dense terrain

Sometimes you might find that the terrain rules, even with the keyword system, fail to represent some extreme situations.

For example, you would expect your fire elemental to survive in a lake of lava (and not a simple lava flow), but not many other creatures. Or a water breathing creature to be able to move under water in the middle of a deep lake.

The problem is that if you make those terrain simply count as difficult terrain, then any unit will be able to move inside, but if you make them impassable terrain, then your thematic units won't be able to make use of this terrain that should be perfect to them.

By Marcel Popik

By Matt Gilbert

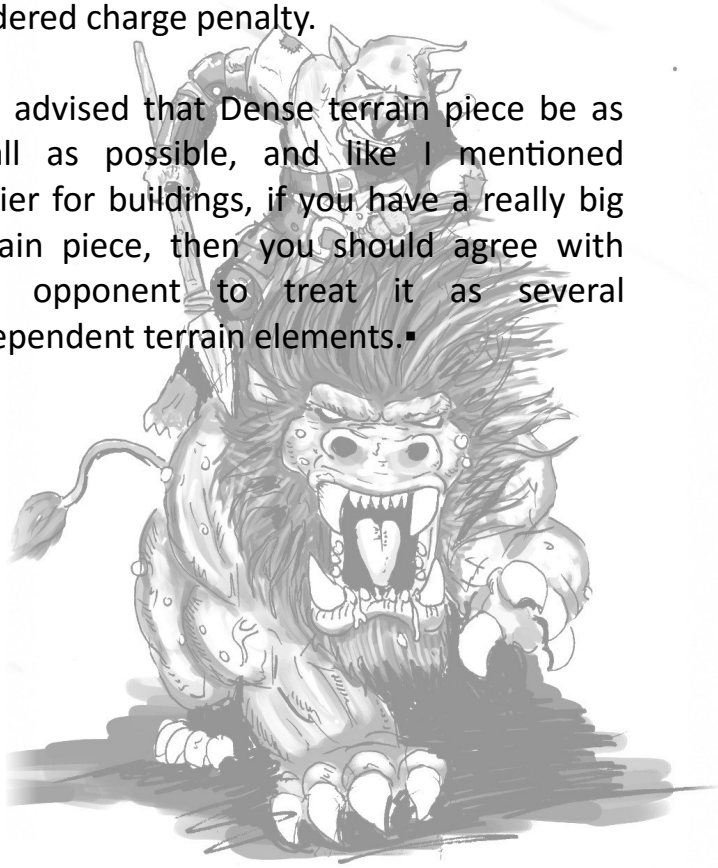
To represent this I propose this additional variant, the notion of "Dense terrain", with Dense being a sort of special keyword that add the following rules to this terrain :

- Units without all the appropriate Pathfinder keywords treat the terrain as impassable
- Loot and objectives counters cannot be deployed or moved inside a dense terrain
- Units with all the Pathfinder keyword(s) can move inside the terrain, but they treat it like a building with the fortified keyword

By treating the terrain like a building, it prevent the units from moving at the double (even with Pathfinder) across such terrain, but still allows other units for whom the building would be impassable to attack any unit inside, simply by moving in contact with any side of the terrain, so no unit is completely safe inside.

As an exception to the normal building rules, an enemy with the appropriate Pathfinder keywords that charge an unit inside a dense terrain will get to charge without the hindered charge penalty.

It is advised that Dense terrain piece be as small as possible, and like I mentioned earlier for buildings, if you have a really big terrain piece, then you should agree with you opponent to treat it as several independent terrain elements.▪



CREATING UNDEAD DIORAMA UNITS

By George Adsett-Knutsen

I've always enjoyed the terrain side of the wargaming hobby. However, until I converted to Kings of War, I had never combined terrain and figures. I had bought a couple of Mhorgoth box sets and divided the contents with Dave Johns (see his sharpshooter conversion article in Ironwatch issue #33). I'd also picked up 80 boxed Zombies so when I decided to make a start on the army the

Zombies were my first choice as there were so many. Having a few sections of the Garden of Morr in my bits box I set about creating my first Horde with a cemetery theme. I wanted to capture the essence of a driven flesh-craving mob. I stuck a few figures together (arms outstretched) I started to mock up the unit against the railings.

This confirmed that the idea was going to work. You'll notice the wall is on the opposite side on the finished unit as I realised that there were details I wanted to show.

I spray-undercoated black and then a lighter white coat, at a distance of about 30cms so as not to cover recessed detail (I actually do this for the Zombies too). Once the detail, skulls etc. were done I glued the wall to the base. I've found that self adhesive floor tile packs from pound shops and dollar stores make ideal bases. A tile is easily cut with a hobby knife and metal ruler and can be stuck to plastic card or to itself. Soft plastic models stick easily to the tiles with plastic glue, allowing a bit of time for repositioning.

Dry fitting a row at a time to get the right models in the right place is vital to achieving the desired effect. Some Zombies were taken off the bases to allow closer proximity to the railings or other members of the Horde, again creating that essence that I wanted to capture.

I painted a dozen or so Zombies at a time in pale tones and the undercoating process provides subtle shading. I used a few different washes; green, brown, yellow and purple and red on faces and hands to indicate the feasting that had taken place. Some of the washes were used in succession on the same model to achieve the mottled effect that I assume a decaying corpse. might exhibit. wasn't too fussy about a top paint job on individual models; it was the overall effect that was important. I intend to touch up some detail on the more prominent ones later.

Each row was stuck down and then next lot of figures dry fitted. I had to base around the rows as I went as to closeness of the models to each other would not allow this to be done all in one go once the Zombies were all glued down. I left some areas without glue and sprinkled a sand mix on. I then used the PVA in the gaps I'd left and sprinkled on static grass. When this was done I moved on to the next row and repeated the process.
It took me 2 days from start to finish to get the stage shown here. I was so pleased with the result I thought I'd do a Zombie Legion next...

If you've not tried making a diorama before I'd encourage you to have a go. A bit of imagination and a bit of planning will get some great looking units on the table and give you a real sense of pride.

Next time: "Let's have a big hand for the Zombie Legion"▪

BUILDING THE PROSPECTOR'S HUT

By Peter—"Tek Thornisson"

Editor's Note: Peter has been kind enough to send us several terrain-making tutorials for the next few issues. While they don't have step-by-step written overviews, the materials are simple, and a picture (of a tutorial step) is worth a thousand words!

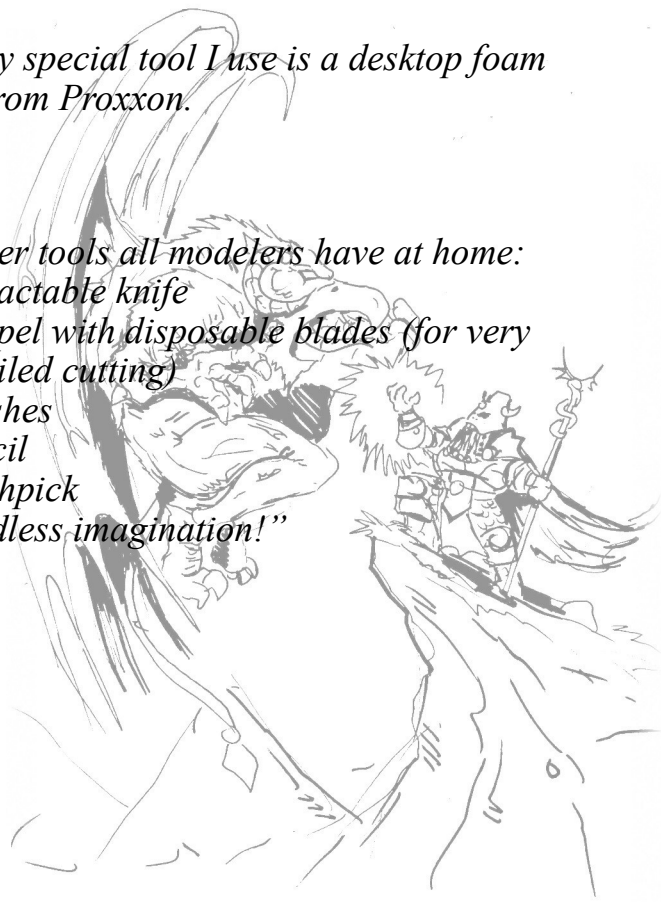
"I work until now only with high-density polystyrene-often colored has a smooth, tough structure.

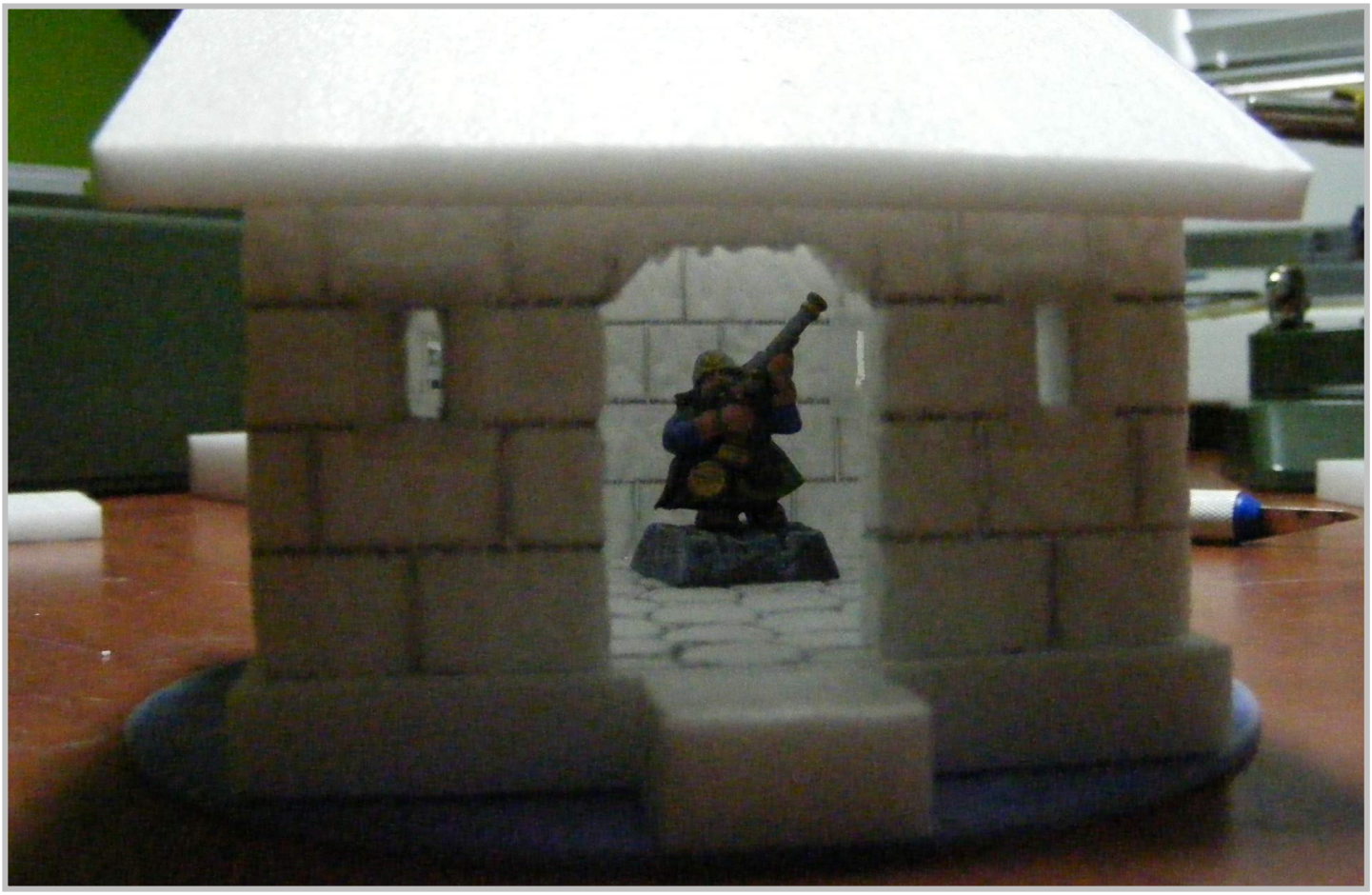
The only special tool I use is a desktop foam cutter from Proxxon.

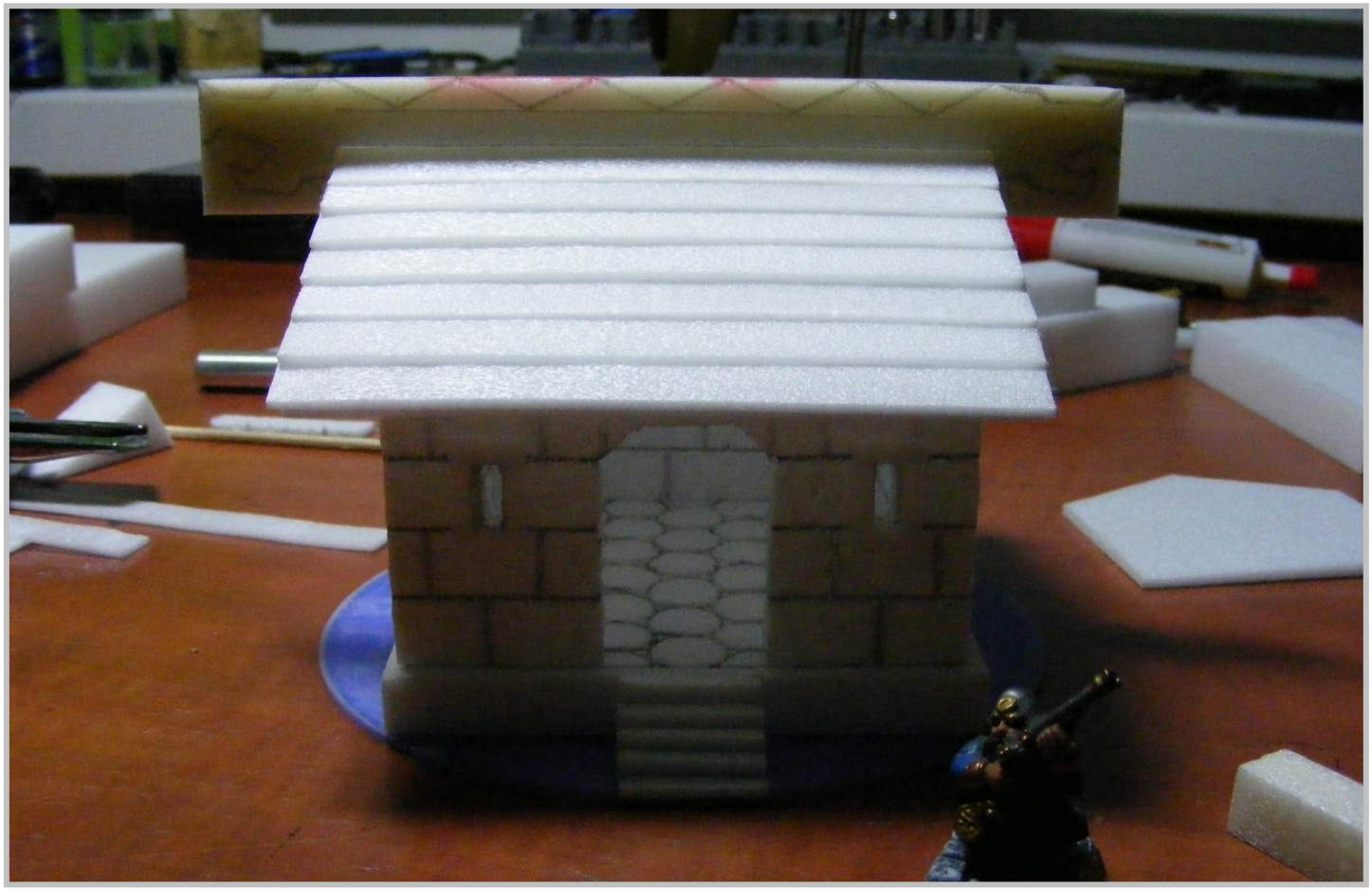
The other tools all modelers have at home:

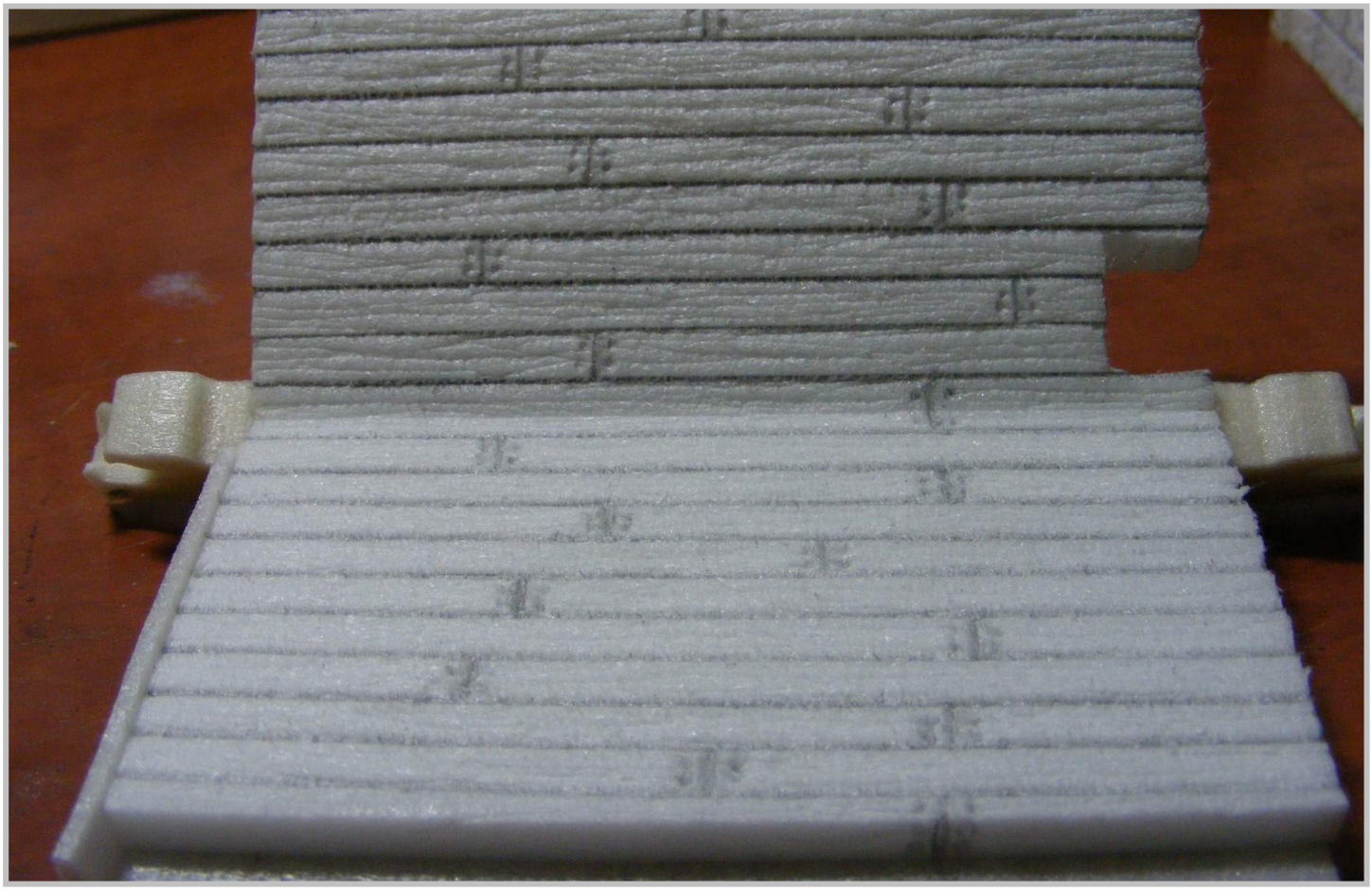
- *Retractable knife*
- *Scalpel with disposable blades (for very detailed cutting)*
- *Brushes*
- *Pencil*
- *Toothpick*

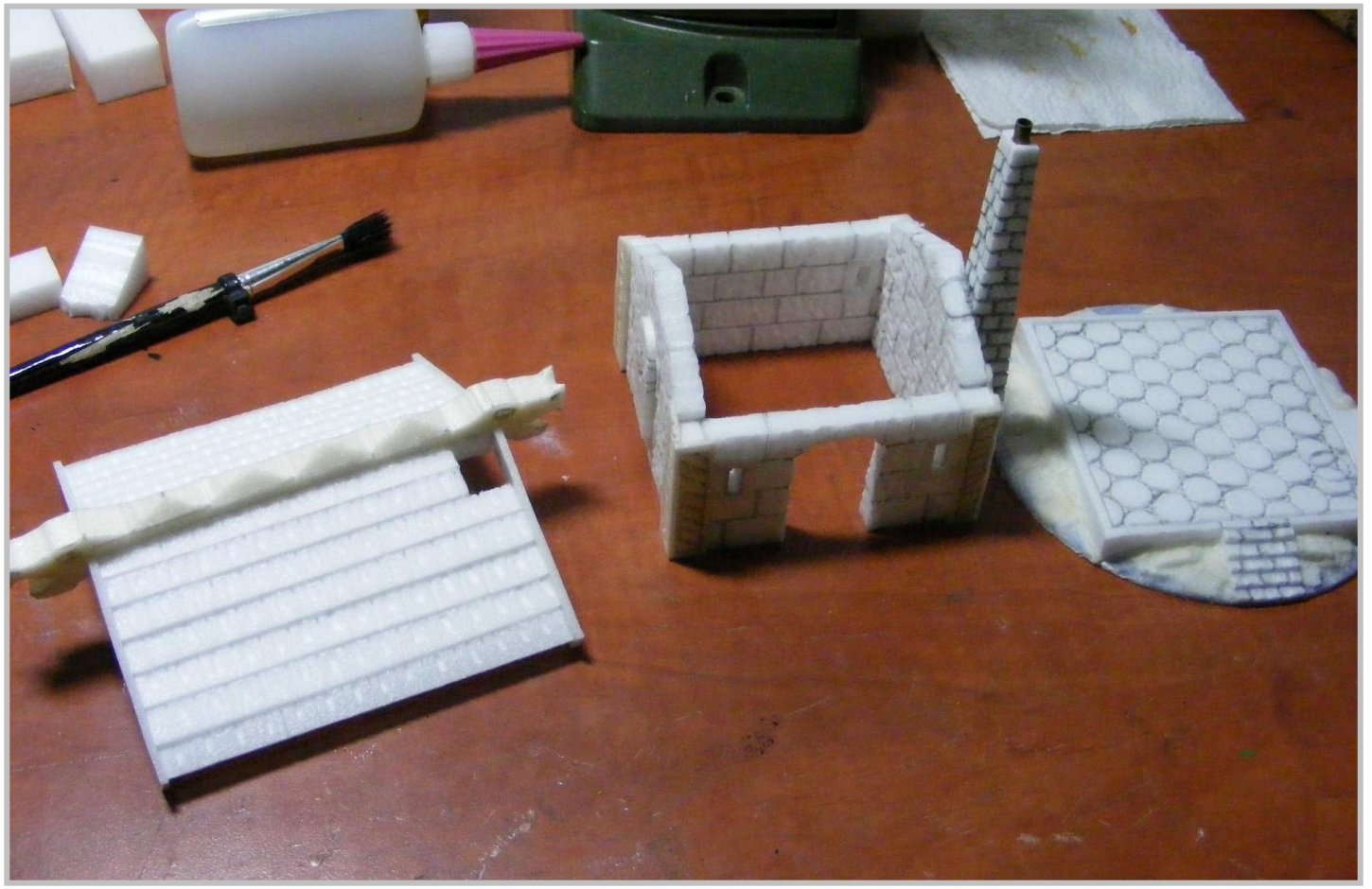
And endless imagination!"

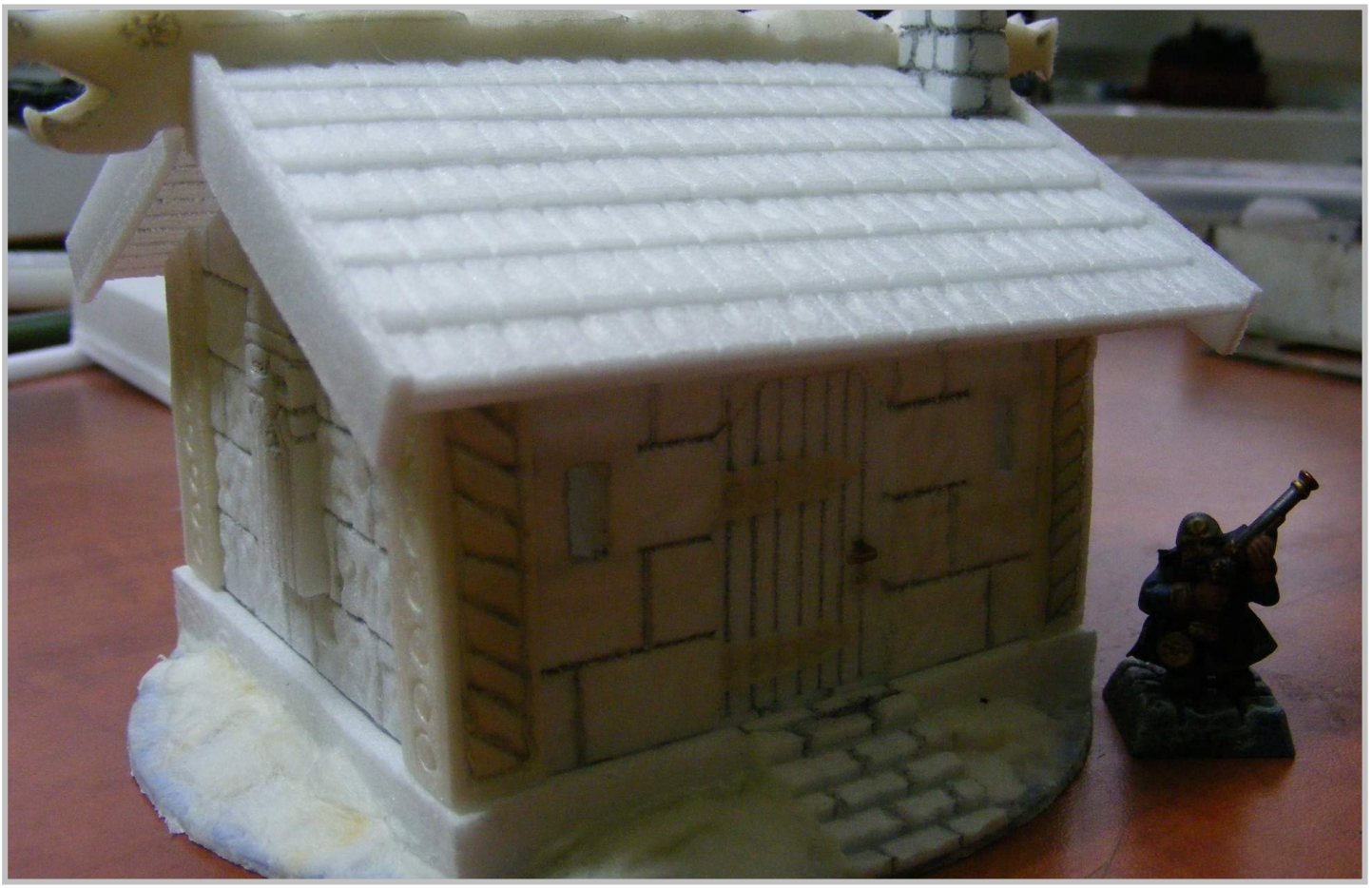




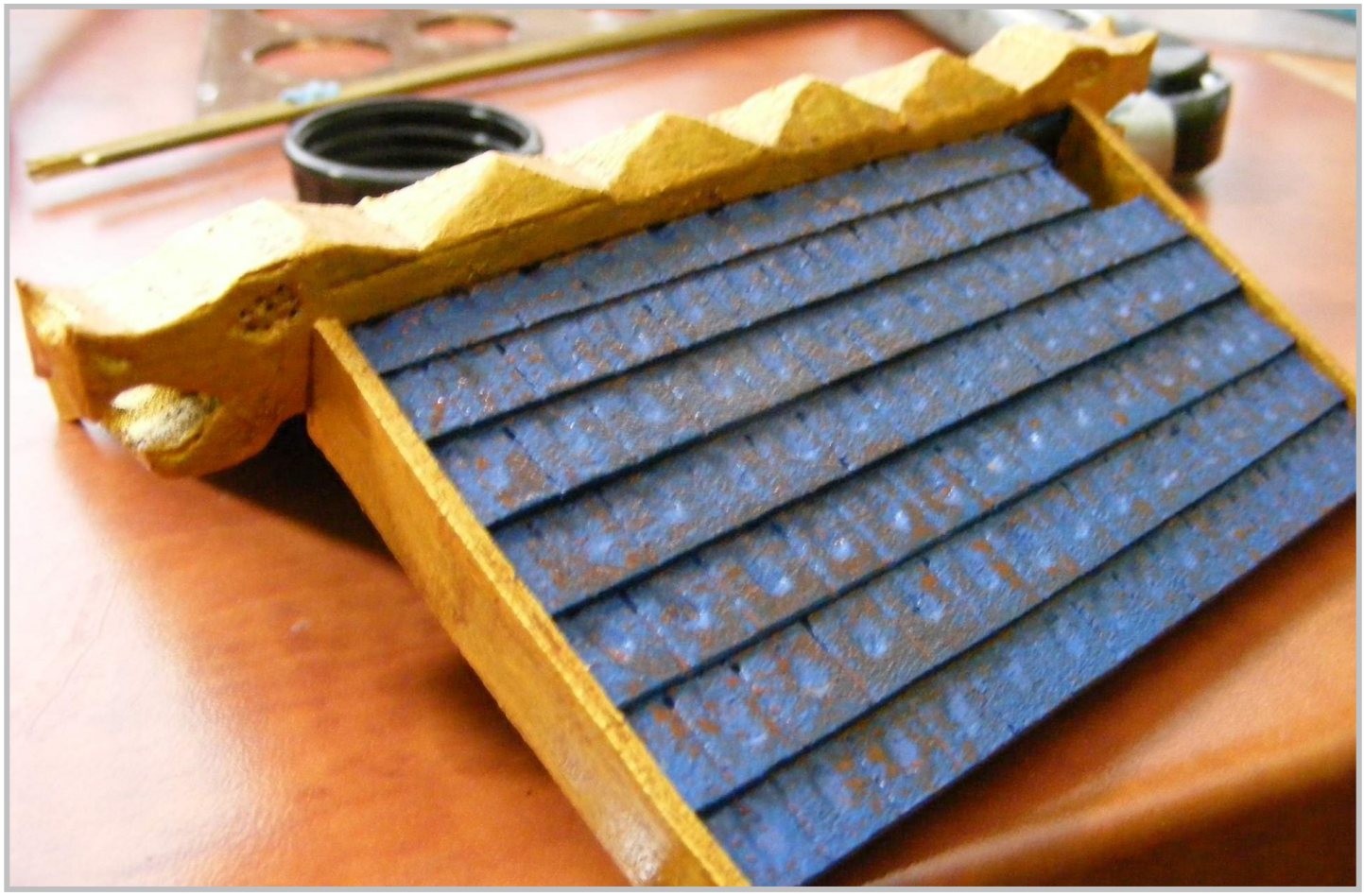


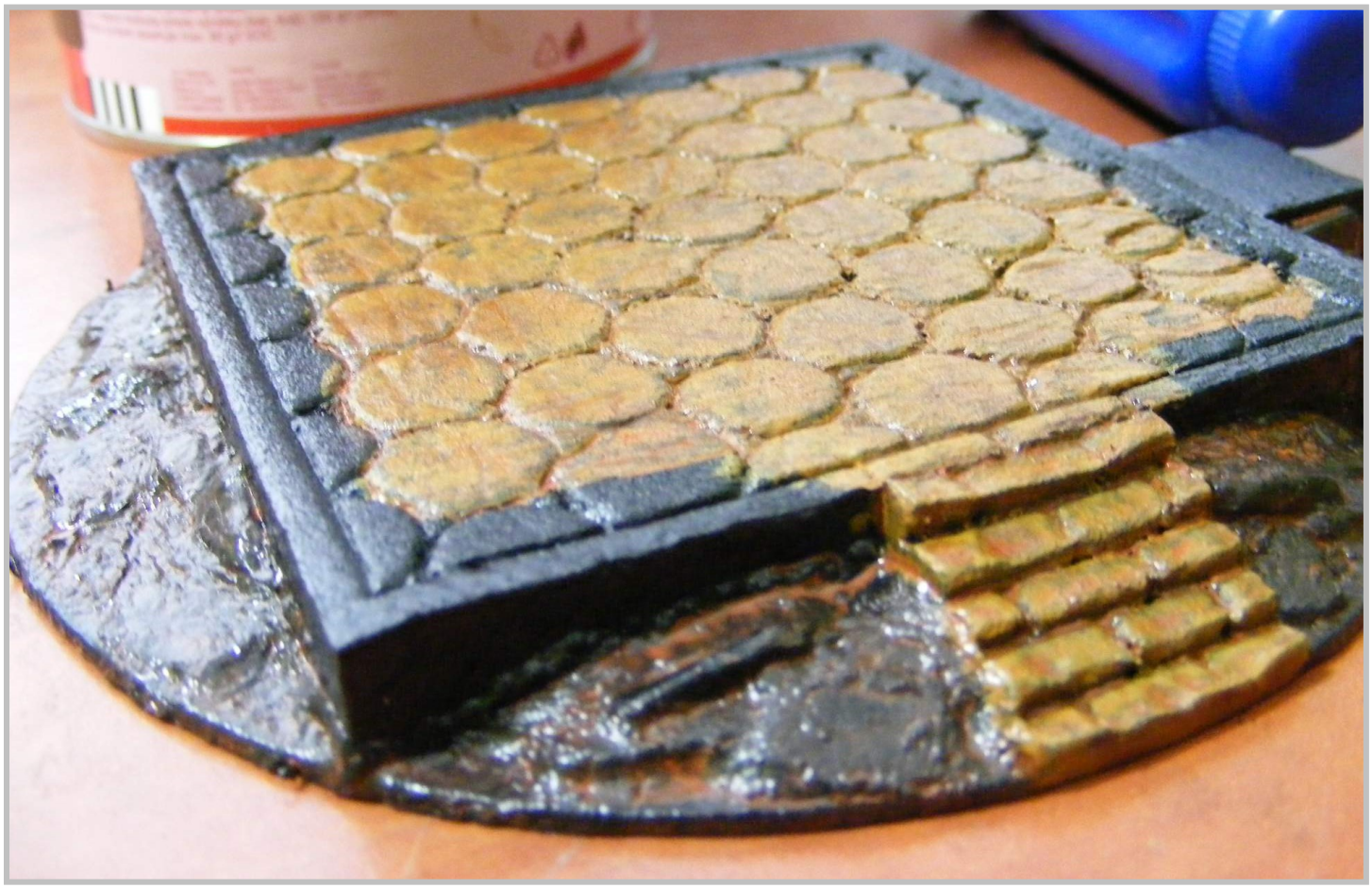


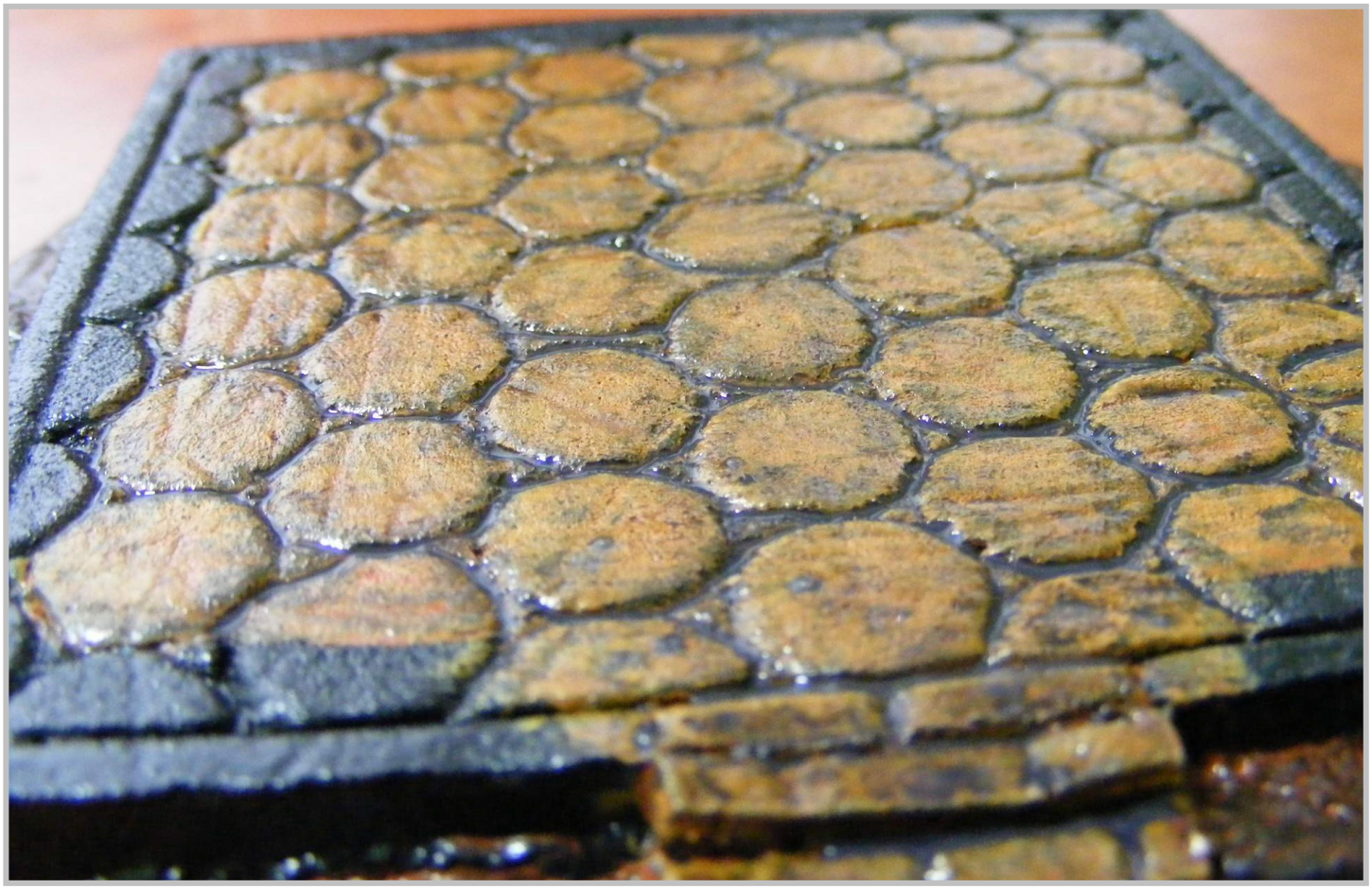


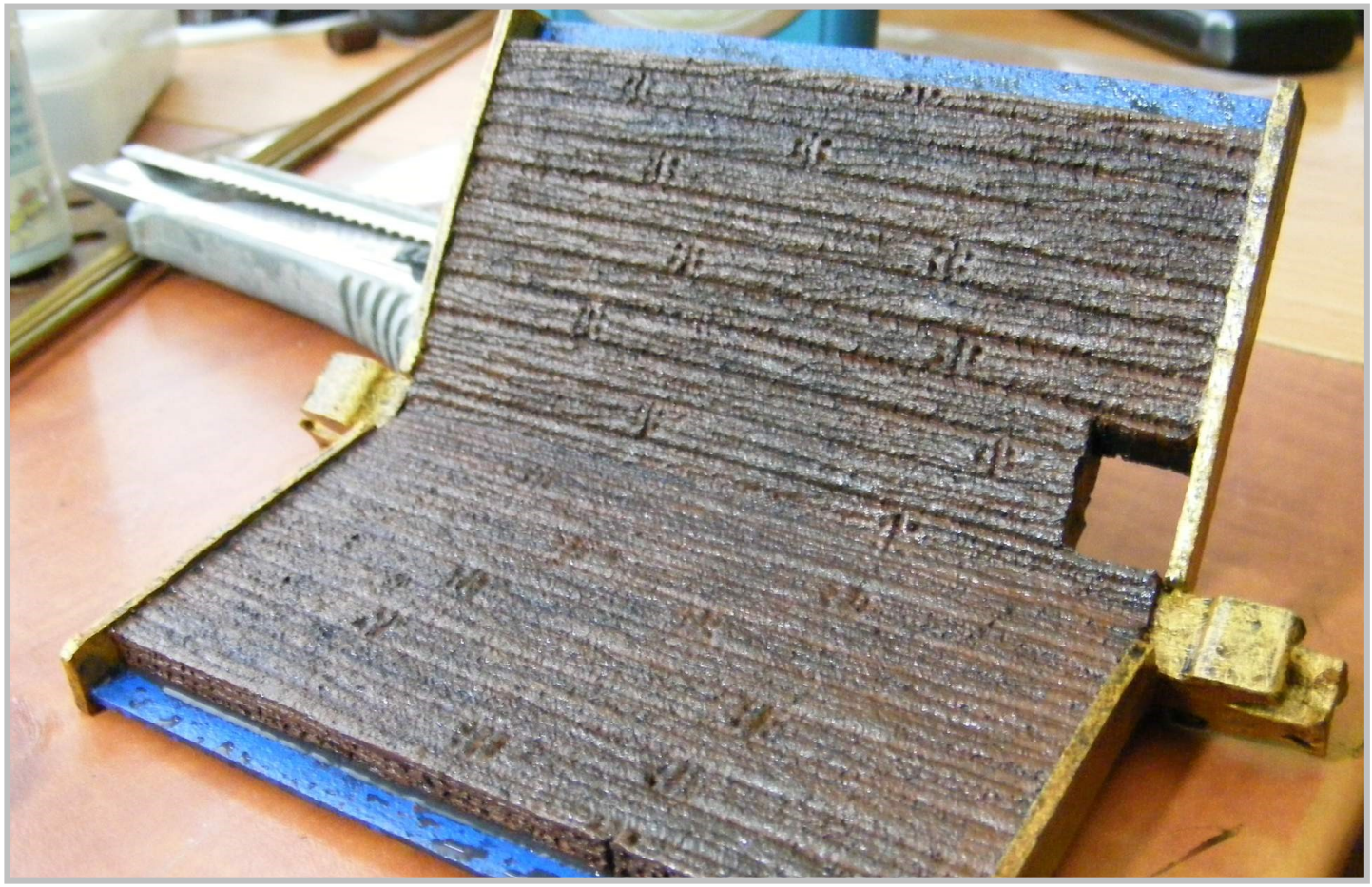


The hut so far, compared to Peter's huge Dwarven Fortress project!



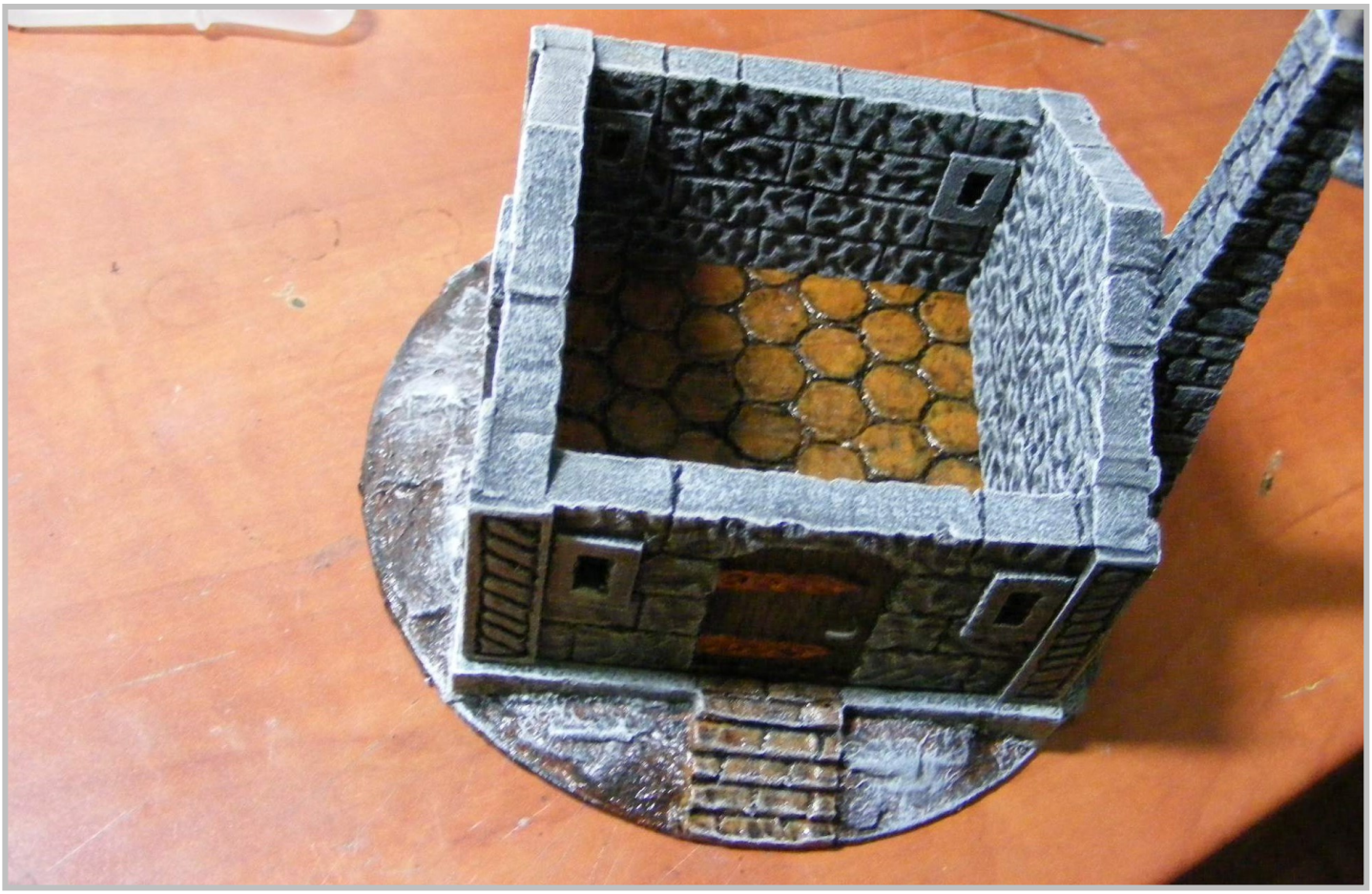




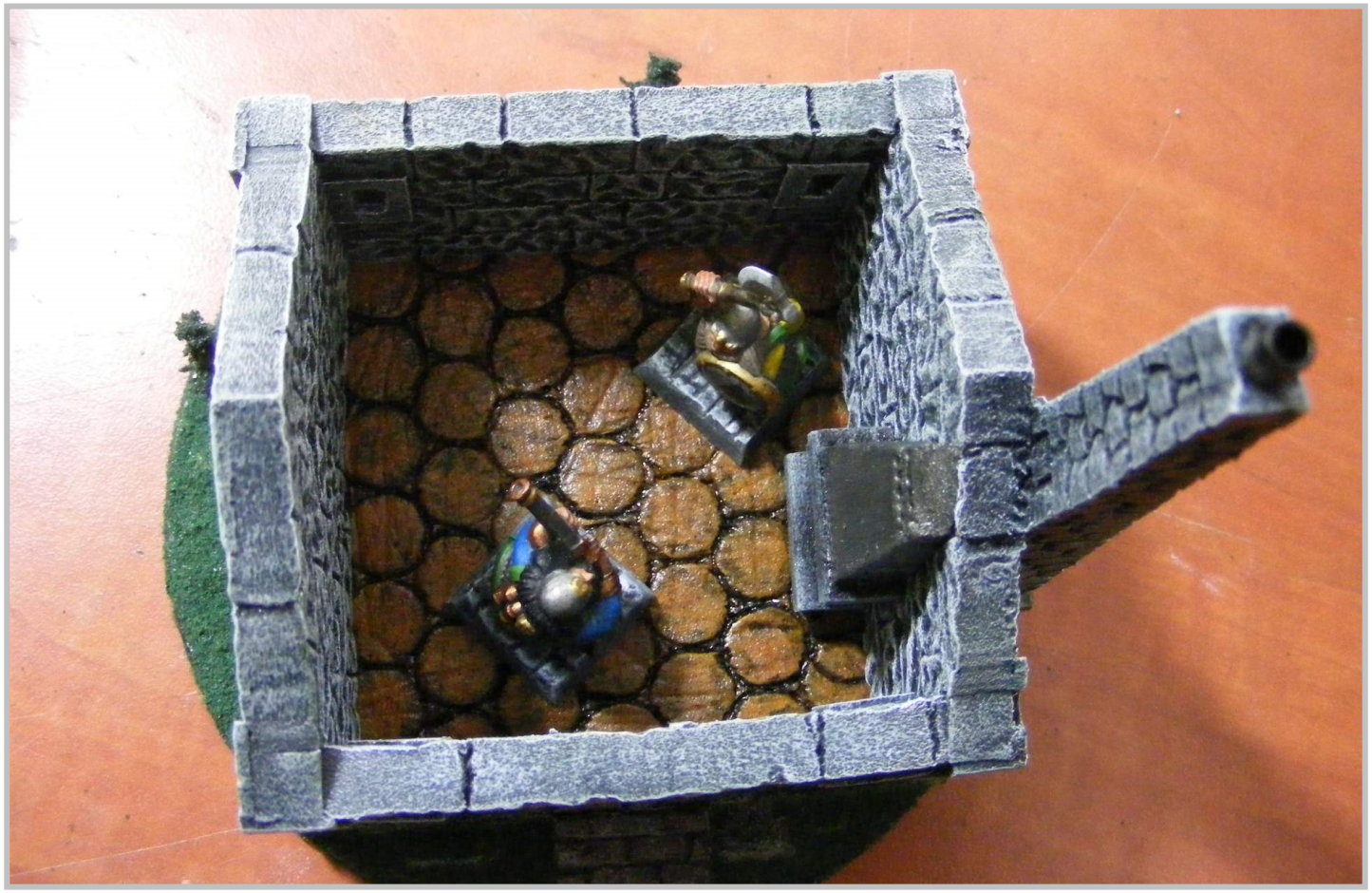


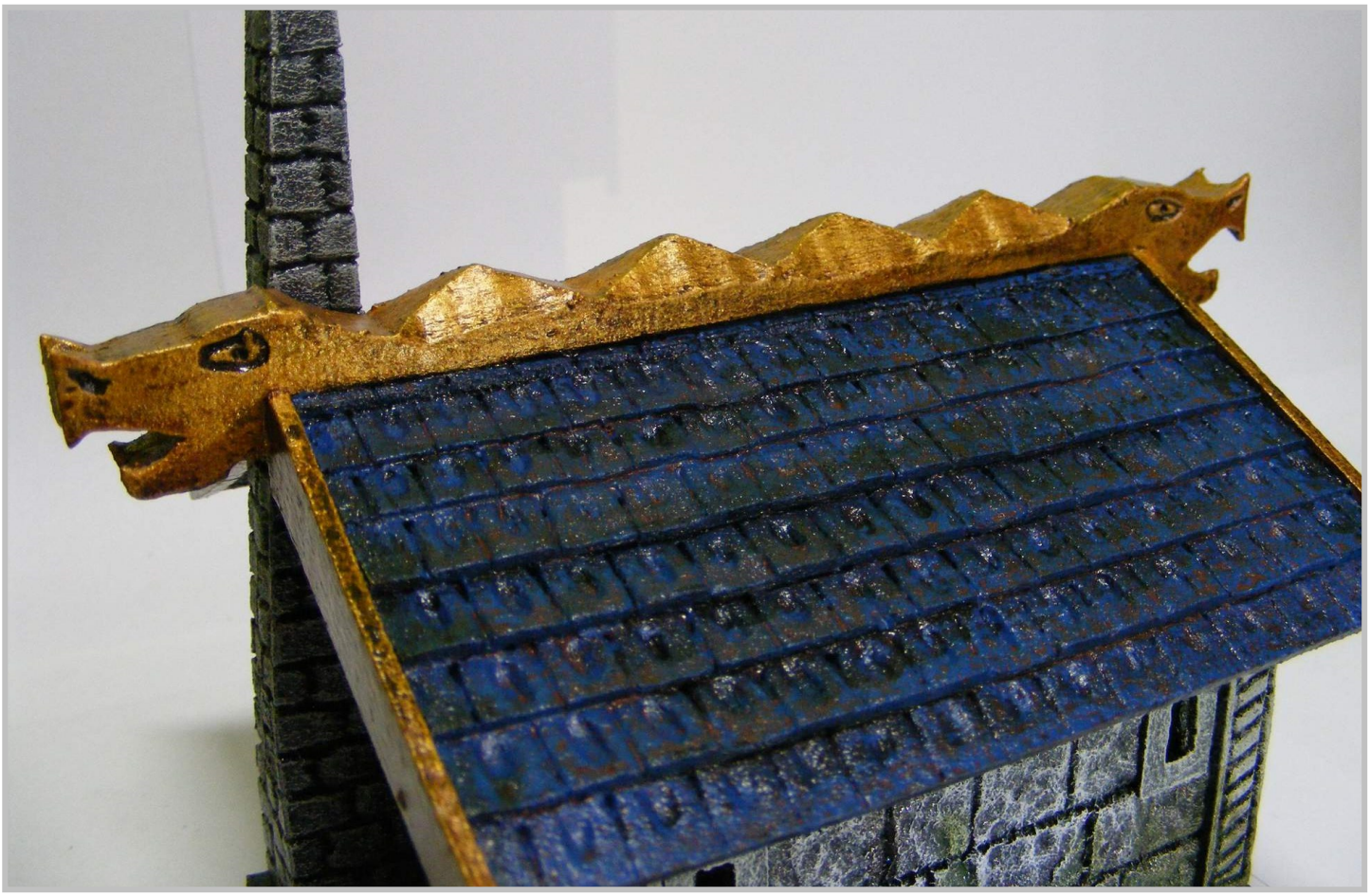
verzální 2 v 1
univerzálna 2 v 1

GENIUS
PRO



GENIUS





ENFORCERS, PART 1: GUT FEELINGS

By Douglas Thoin

Enforcer Captain by Martin Geibner

The inside of the *Accuser*-class Interceptor's hold was dim, lit only by the red lights on the drop door at the back. The hum of the engines grew into a drone as they descended into the atmosphere of Prelemia Minor The ship was shaking with turbulence, but the dozen Enforcers being transported held onto the rails without trouble, their helmets masking any emotion behind stoic resolve. NX-437, callsign "Thumper", reached down to do a quick, silent check of her weapons and gear, despite knowing that everything was stowed as perfectly as everyone else's.

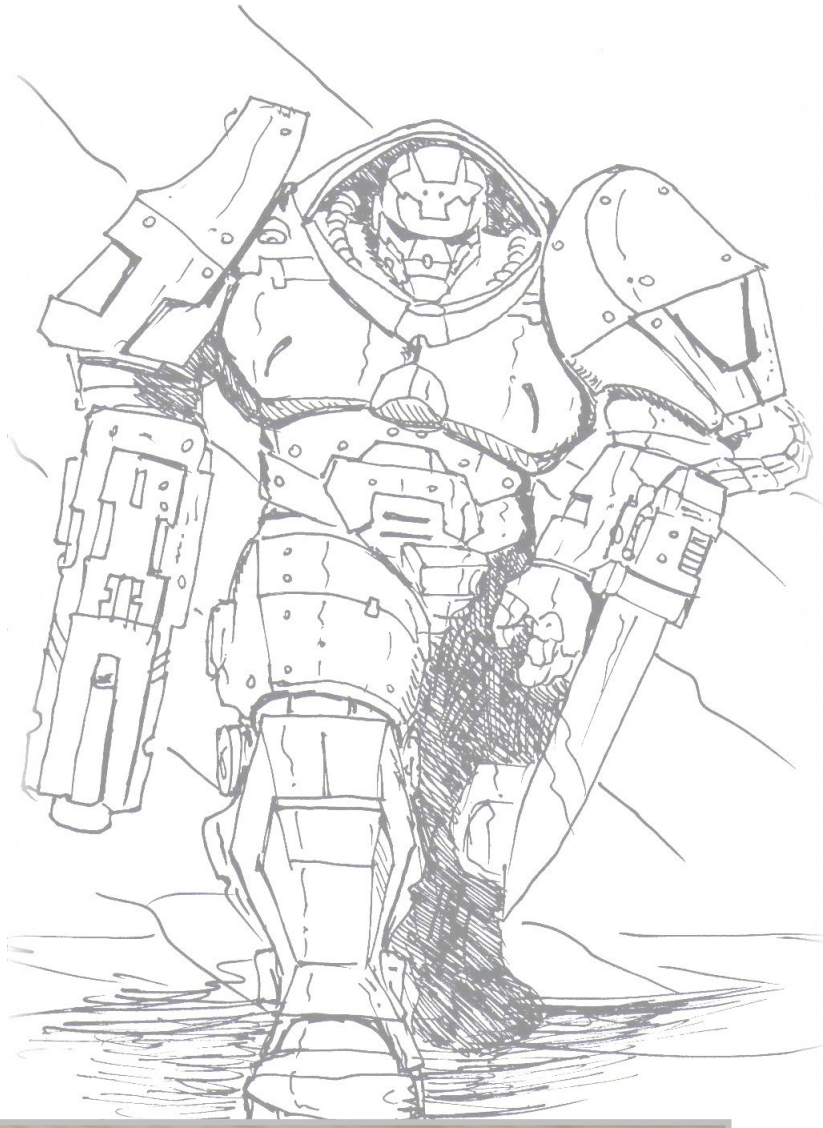
It was a nervous habit of hers, one of the few ways that her fears still manifested. Her training had taught her that being afraid was not wrong, but instead to turn that fear into a weapon - when you feel the cold knife in your gut you must pull it out, sharpen it, and prepare to slit your enemy's throat with it. Fear made you faster, stronger, and more alert. Fear could keep you alive, but when not controlled it also made you stupid. And that would get you killed more quickly than any weapon devised by any creature in all the galaxy.

The sounds of battle began to filter in through the reinforced hull, dull thumps and booms forming an uneven staccato behind the drone of the engines. Thumper felt the knife work its way into her stomach and closed her eyes, letting the feeling sharpen her senses and make her heart beat faster. She was ready. The door would open, and her squad - her only family and friends - would descend on this miserable shitball of a world like hellfire given form, killing and burning their enemies wherever they hid.

This world had been quarantined by a Containment Protocol, a "Deadzone", because there had been an outbreak of the Plague. The world had been engaged in a prolonged on-again-off-again war between three different corporations and a colony of Forge Fathers before the outbreak, with alliances and battle lines constantly shifting as control of the planet's resources became increasingly contentious, but now the whole place had descended into barely contained insanity.

Thumper cared little for the politics of some backwater mining colony, but she knew that nuclear weapons had been deployed on the planet by all three corporations, ostensibly

to try and deal with the Plague before the Containment Protocol was necessary, but more likely in a bid to wipe out their rivals' assets. In any case, it would only make her job more difficult. The advanced armor worn by the enforcers would protect them from minor radiation exposure, but since the Plague would likely be using the irradiated ruins as strongholds it meant they would have to be exposed to dangerously high levels. For a fleeting moment she thought about the tens of thousands of innocent civilians trapped on the surface of this doomed world with all this chaos and felt a flicker of emotion, but she had long since discarded those in favor of steely-eyed determination.



The ship dove hard to port, engines whining, and then just as hard to starboard. A moment later the metallic beat of anti-aircraft fire against the hull crescendoed into the sound of tearing metal and whooshing air. Light stabbed the cabin and Thumper

Enforcers by Matthew Beer

Enforcer with heavy weapon by "C.M. Minis"

had to take a moment to adjust her eyes against the glare, despite her helmet's auto-dim feature. When she looked around she saw the pillars of light stitching through the floor and up the side, and the limp form of Bandsaw, one of the squad's assault enforcers. At a glance it looked like two or three of the rounds had tore through his armor, and blood was running out his boots and into the nearest hole in the floor.

None of the rest of the squad reacted beyond a simple look to assess the situation, and Thumper did the same - this was what was expected of them. They had all died years ago, the names of the people they once were erased from history and burned from their minds, and now they were the fearsome warriors in the service of the Council of Seven, the most elite troopers in all the galaxy. This was expected of them, though admittedly not preferable. She did not mourn her squadmate, her battle brother, her friend. Perhaps back on the cruiser she would miss him, but for now she was occupied with figuring out how to compensate for the loss of his skill set when they made ground fall.

The red lights turned to green and the back door rapidly swung open. As-one the squad turned and leapt out the speeding

interceptor in perfect formation. They were probably a thousand meters over the ground and the interceptor had barely slowed down, a quick glance around revealing why - there was anti-aircraft fire all around and the interceptor had a thin line of black smoke trailing from it, clearly damaged enough to not risk killing them all by getting closer. It wasn't a problem, however, as they had trained for this exact scenario along with a thousand others.

As they dove through the smoke and tracer rounds the altitude was displayed on the HUD in front of everyone's eyes. They all fired the jump jets on their back and landed in tandem on the roof of a scorched building at the periphery on the battle. It looked like a small army of corporate soldiers owned by TransHuman Intergalactic were under siege by a horde of Plague, and the orders that flashed across their HUDs said that they were to clear the air defenses so that more enforcers could come reinforce the position of their human allies.

Thumper pulled her defender shield off her back and the shotgun off her hip, readying both and doing one more unnecessary nervous check of all her gear. Sergeant Bullwhip began giving orders and they formed up, preparing to take a Plague-

Deadzone Enforcers and Plague forces by Jamie O'Toole

Enforcer Marksman by Boris Samec

controlled anti-aircraft turret and open up the skies. The knife twisted in her gut again as she saw the hulking forms of large, alien creatures ahead of her and she closed her eyes again for a brief moment as she pulled the blade out, sharp and ready to kill each and every one of them.

To be continued▪

LOOKING TO ADVERTISE YOUR GAME GROUP, BLOG, PODCAST, OR OTHER MANTIC GAMING ORGANIZATION?

CONTACT THE IRONWATCH MAGAZINE TO PLACE YOUR AD IN THE MAGAZINE FOR FREE!

The Carterton and West Oxon Wargamers

CWOW

Friday nights from 7pm

Find us on Facebook or email jason.flint@hotmail.co.uk to get in touch

B.R.W.C.

BEXLEY REAPERS WARGAMING CLUB

MONDAY NIGHTS 7 - 11PM
AGE 16+

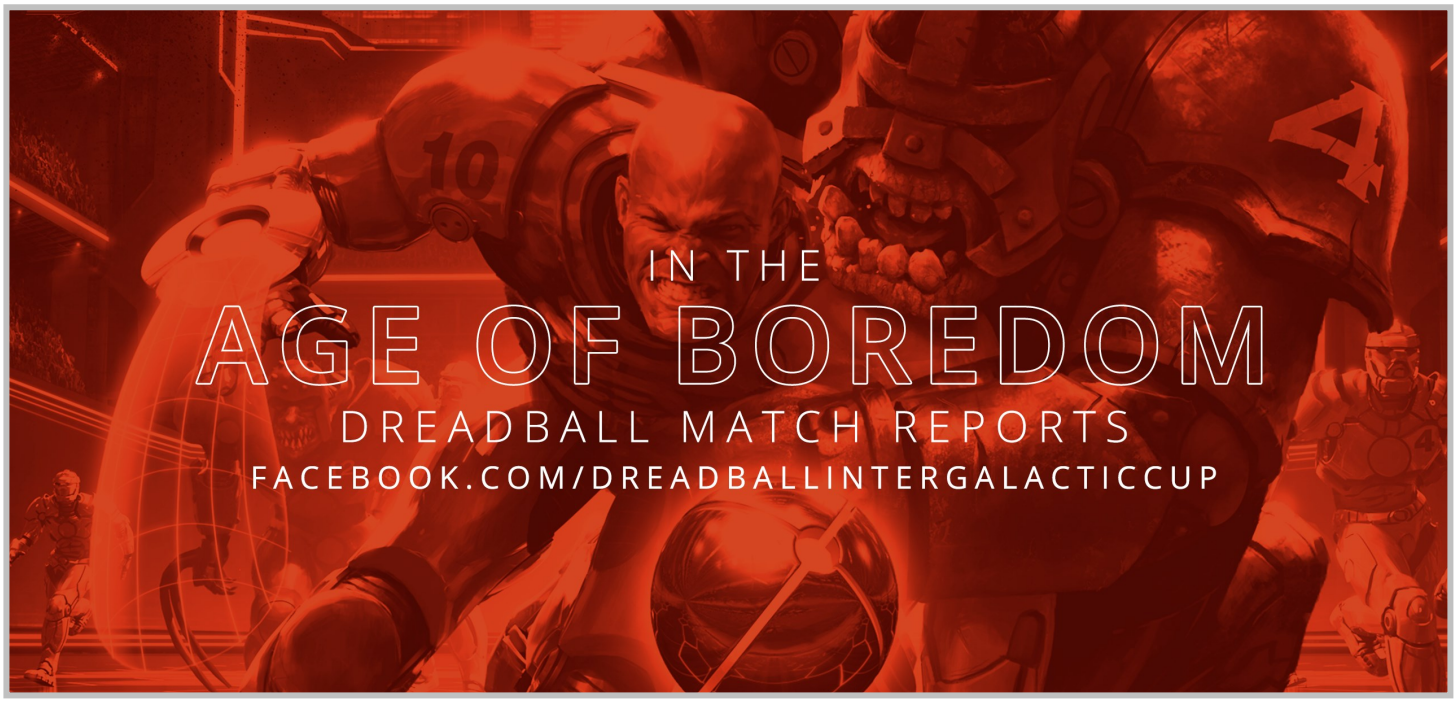
FREEMANTLE HALL
HIGHSTREET
BEXLEY
DA5 1AA

WWW.REAPERSWARGAMING.CO.UK

MEMBER OF Invicta Gaming

We play in peace ... !!!
XTREME
DREADBALL
mantic

MARS ATTACKS
THE MINIATURES GAME
GET YOUR COPY NOW AND KICK SOME MARTIAN.... HELMETS
ACK ACK AAAACK!!! ...OR SMASH THIS FILTHY HUMAN RACE FOREVER..... AND DON'T SPARE ANY COW
mantic



Mantic Radio has become Counter Charge!
Counter Charge! is the first podcast totally dedicated to Kings of War
Find us on iTunes or visit us at www.ohiohammer.com

THIS SPACE FOR YOUR CLUB, EVENT, OR PROMOTION COULD BE YOURS!

CONTACT THE IRONWATCH MAGAZINE TO PLACE YOUR AD IN THE MAGAZINE FOR FREE!

LOOKING TO ADVERTISE YOUR GAME GROUP, BLOG, PODCAST, OR OTHER MANTIC GAMING ORGANIZATION?

CONTACT THE IRONWATCH MAGAZINE TO PLACE YOUR AD IN THE MAGAZINE FOR FREE!

Deadzone Survivor by Nicodemus Sandberg

INSIDE:

REDSTONE RUMBLE 2015
The largest Clash of Kings tournament in the US is covered in this recap...

RECLAMATION SONG, PART 1
Michael Grey returns with the first installment of a gripping epic of Dwarves defending their retaken homelands...

BUILDING THE PROSPECTOR'S HUT
This time we have a humble and detailed cottage to learn how to build with this visual guide...

ENFORCERS, PART 1: GUT FEELINGS
An Enforcer squad prepares to drop into a Deadzone, despite the enemy holding caches of nuclear weapons at the ready...

AND MUCH MORE!